

CHIPS, FRAGMENTS, AND VESTIGES

GAIL HAMILTON

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CHIPS, FRAGMENTS
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Yours &c
Mary Abby Dodge —

HAMILTON, 1854.

CHIPS, FRAGMENTS
AND VESTIGES

BY

GAIL HAMILTON

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY
H. AUGUSTA DODGE

BOSTON
LEE AND SHEPARD
1902

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CHIPS, FRAGMENTS, AND VESTIGES OF VERSE
BY GAIL HAMILTON.

Rockwell and Churchill Press
BOSTON

TO

THE DEAR AND CHERISHED MEMORY OF

Mary Abby Dodge

WITH THE WISH THAT ALL HER FRIENDS MAY SHARE
THE PLEASURE OF ITS PERUSAL

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS DEDICATED

BY HER SISTER

INTRODUCTION

AMONG my sister's papers were several rhyming manuscripts — the earliest, dated 1841, when she was eight years old, is here a facsimile :

*When mother hides her crackers in,
Old coffe pots all made of tin;
We seldom ever find them out
Although all day we look about*

*Now though all we all like crackers well,
And bakers have enough to sell,
Yet we all eat them up so fast
That mother hides to make them last. A*

This "was solemnly and silently handed to mother" by the little author after she had discovered the hiding-place.

An old-fashion letter-paper sheet, yellow with age, bearing the head-line, "Chips and Parings," in the

same immature handwriting, is filled with verses about "The Dead Bird," "Slavery," "The Four Seasons of Life," etc.

Another sheet, foolscap size, is covered with "Mary A. Dodge's Scribbles" — all before she was twelve years old. During her school life as pupil and teacher she wrote "in numbers" that were printed in different newspapers, on programmes for special occasions, and afterward various hymns, odes, and poems, as late as the year 1894.¹ In presenting her early writings, no attempt has been made to amend any childish inaccuracies of expression that may appear.

Though she herself made no pretences to being a *poetess* or writing *poetry*, divers of her papers were marked "chips," "shavings," "fragment," "vestige," etc., which it has been a delight to me to read, and to collect into a volume "named with *her name*."

H. AUGUSTA DODGE.

HAMILTON, March 31, 1902.

¹ [In 1893, "English Kings in a Nutshell — Gail Hamilton," was published by the American Book Company. The author says in the preface: "The verses include all the English monarchs, their relation to their successors, the time and length of each reign, and one or two prominent events or prominent names that marked its course. . . . The illustrations not only repeat and intensify, but enlarge, the story of the text, and thus add a distinct and special value to my booklet."]

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ROSE	1
THE DEAD BIRD	2
AN EPIC OF A BOY	2
IN THE STREETS OF "OLD LAN"	4
"PAYING HIM BACK"	5
CHILDHOOD	6
SLAVERY	7
INDEPENDENCE	8
SELFISHNESS	10
LINES	11
THE BRIDAL AND THE FUNERAL	12
"THE LITTLE ONE GONE BEFORE"	14
THE LOST FAN	15
A TRAGEDY	18
PICTURES	21
LINES TO MY ALGEBRA	22
AN ACROSTIC	26
THAT OLD KNIFE	27
A DREAM	31
"THE HAND"	35
THE SONG OF THE GOUT	44
LINES WRITTEN IN MY BROTHER'S ALBUM	45
A REQUIEM FOR THE DEPARTED	51
THE LAST INDIAN	53
TO JOSE BARDOTTEE	56
TO AN ANCIENT SHOE	58

viii CHIPS, FRAGMENTS, AND VESTIGES

	PAGE
A PARODY	61
A METRICAL ROMANCE	64
"LITTLE KATY"	79
DITHYRAMBIC	82
THE YOUTH AT THE FOUNTAIN	83
HOPE	84
FROM THE GERMAN	85
THE MYSTERIOUS MAIDEN	87
SEHN-SUCHT	89
MIDNIGHT	90
RESOLUTION	92
MORNING	95
ALONE	97
SHADOWS	99
"MAN GOETH TO THE GRAVE AND WHERE IS HE?"	100
To —	101
To —	103
WHAT IT MEANT	104
"NOT ALL A DREAM"	105
THE RAIN	107
To — YOU! IF YOU UNDERSTAND THEM	108
TO AGNES O'BRIEN	109
TO THE REV. MR. B.	111
VALE ET SALVE	113
VALE ET SALVE AGAIN!	115
AILANTHÈ	116
POPPING THE QUESTION!	119
A BATTLE SONG FOR FREEDOM	121
ARCHIE DEAN. BY JENNY MARSH PARKER	123
WHAT YOU'D BETTER DO, JENNY MARSH	126
WHAT I DID, GAIL HAMILTON. BY JENNY MARSH	129
ON THE SIDEWALK	133
O LAND BEYOND THE SOUNDING SEA!	135
TO ELLEN AUGUSTA HUNT IN ALABAMA	138

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
DR. KANE	140
THE NOSIAD	143
THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES .	148
A VALEDICTORY	153
TO DR. MURDOCK	157
TO MR. OWEN	157
TO MR. SMITH	158
ANTENATAL	162
TO C. L. TALLANT	162
VESTIGES	170
TO MRS. BAILEY	170
TO MR. GEORGE WOOD	171
TO DR. BAILEY	171
TO —	172
PENCILED-SKETCH	173
BY THE SEA	174
A VISION	175
"ETTIE"	179
ORIGINAL ODE	181
HYMN SUNG AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL IN BRAINTREE .	184
ANSWERED	188
HYMN FOR AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION	196
REPARTEE WITH JOHN G. WHITTIER	198
HAMILTON TEA PARTY	201
TROSY'S DEFENCE	206
TO SECRETARY ROBESON	210
TO MRS. HALE	211
MOTHER IPSWICH	212
TO LITTLE "C"	216
BIRTHDAYS	217
THE FLOWER	219
LINES ON 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF HAMILTON	221
TO MY COMRADES IN CHRIST	224

ILLUSTRATIONS

MARY ABBY DODGE, 1854	<i>Frontispiece</i>
A DRAWING-LESSON, "IPS. FEM. SEM."	<i>Facing page</i> 14
"HOME"	" " 184
A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY	" " 200

CHIPS, FRAGMENTS, AND VESTIGES

THE ROSE

Written in the winter of 1842 (at the age of nine)

THE rose is the fairest of all flowers,
That fearfully peep from their verdant bowers;
Reclining in the gentle shade,
A lovely and embowering maid.

Attracting all that pass her there,
By her sweet countenance, and fair,
Gaining herself friends every day,
As does the blooming flower of May.

And when her leaves are strewed around,
In withering fragments on the ground,
Still we inhale her sweet perfume,
As when she was in youthful bloom.

THE DEAD BIRD

AS I was going from school one night,
I saw a little bird ;
But the poor thing had ceased its flight,
Its notes were no more heard.

No more it bounds 'long through the air,
No more it builds its nest,
No more we see its plumage fair ;
Its first days were its best.

The hard ground bore its little head,
And cold and stiff it lied ; *
For its life had forever fled —
The little bird had died.

AN EPIC OF A BOY

ALITTLE boy sat by a rippling brook,
And as he sat, he tried, with line and hook,
To catch a fish, but no fish could he see ;
He tried and tried awhile — then, looking up, saw me.

“My child,” said I, “you must put up your hook ;
There are no fishes in this little brook.”
Then, as he looked at me, he smiled a mournful
smile ;
Said he, “I have been here a long, long while.

* Too young for grammatical rules, but took poet's license naturally.

"I have no home, no friends, no food, no bed,
No place whereon to lay my weary head ;
My drunken father turned me from his door ;
The heaven's the ceiling of my house, the earth here
is the floor."

"My boy," said I, "you may come home with me,
My home a pleasant home to you shall be."
Then he got up and gratefully took my hand ;
"And will you be to me," said he, "a friend ?"

"Your father has forsaken you, you have no other
friend,
And I, most cheerfully, to you a helping hand will
lend."
There rested on his countenance a very grateful look,
And he is happy now, although by his father is forsook.

Ye drunken parents, oh ! beware
How you deprive your children of your care ;
Ye sell yourselves to buy that poisonous rum,
And turn your own, *own* children from their home.

1842

IN THE STREETS OF "OLD LAN"

A LONG time ago, in the streets of "Old Lan,"
There once lived a poor but respectable man.
His station was low, and his height it was lower.
His wife's was six feet and his was just four.

Beside her, three daughters and one son had he ;
He was happy as ever man could wish to be ;
For all that he wanted was plenty of bread
And comfortable clothes, he always said.

His name was Charles Macbee, a farmer by trade,
And he dextrously handled the axe and the spade ;
But as most men have enemies, so did he,
And a terrible one came to Charles Macbee.

And vast havoc he made when he did come,
For he came in the dreadful form of rum,
And Charley found him an inveterate foe,
For he often was *high*, and at times quite *low*.

And then Charley found his house out of repair,
A clapboard off here and a shingle off there,
And the cold wind whistled through broken glass,
And then the poor drunkard would think of the past.

And yet he grew worse and worse every day,
In spite of all things that his poor wife could say ;
But at length she found that it did no good,
And she let him alone to do as he would.

At last he was arrested and held to bail,
Tried and found guilty, and carried to jail.
This was too much for his heart-stricken wife,
And, alas ! sad to tell, it shortened her life.

And his poor children, too, without shoes to their feet
Or hats to their heads, went along through the street ;
Their father's in jail and their mother was dead,
And left the poor children to beg for their bread.

O reader, beware, lest you too should become
A votary to this all-poisonous Rum.
But if you have begun, I pray you, refrain,
And ne'er place the cup to your lips again.

“PAYING HIM BACK”

THAT is right, Emma, go and tell
Of Dervan's carryings-on,
For thou hast borne them very well ;
Yea, thou hast borne them long.

No matter if he's very mad,
No matter if he'll scold;
You know that he was very bad,
As I have oft been told.

So now make haste and speed thy flight,
And tell mamma the news;
Don't be afraid, for thou art right;
I'll bear all the abuse.

I know full many a saucy word
That he hath said to thee,
And many a saucy word I've heard
That he has said to me!

LINES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY A YOUTH WHEN FAR
AWAY FROM THE HOME OF HIS CHILDHOOD (1844)

THERE is one spot in all this world so wide
To which my recollection still is tied,
And oft I've lifted up my voice and cried,
Oh! take me to my home.

And oft I've sat me down alone and thought
Of the fond smile which eagerly I sought,
When I, a child, was by my mother taught
At my sweet home.

I've thought, too, of the many pleasant hours
I've spent 'mid shady trees and verdant bowers,
In culling all the sweet and pretty flowers
For friends at home.

I've thought of many a lively, sportive run
My dear, kind father had with "little son,"
When the hard labor of the day was done,
At my sweet home.

But now, alas ! this happiness is gone,
I look on every side — all are unknown.
Oh ! in this dreary world I am alone,
Without a home.

SLAVERY

LO, Afric's sons in bondage stand,
Fettered and chained from foot to hand,
Driven along from street to street,
Considered slaves by those they meet.

And when they're sold and settled, then
They work much more like brutes than men ;
Their owners stand with whip in hand,
While they sweat upon his land.

And when they lag, from want of rest,
The whip unto their back is prest ;
They smart with pain, he will not save.
Oh ! it is hard to be a slave.

And when their daily round of toil
Is finished on the owner's soil,
They turn into some hovel mean,
That's neither tidy, nice, or clean.

And when their scanty food they eat,
The hard ground serves them for a seat.
This is the life the slave must lead
And have no time to write or read.

Their owners think not of their food,
They think not of their slave's best good,
They think not of the pain they gave.
But, oh ! 'tis hard to be a slave.

INDEPENDENCE (1845)

 H ! what is Independence ?
Perhaps some child may say,
I hear them tell a great deal
Of Independent day.

When our forefathers lived,
There were many cruel kings
Who did provoke them sadly,
By many wicked things.

They would not give them freedom,
Yet made them taxes pay ;
They had governors who ruled them
In an oppressive way.

Their kings would give them charters,
And some were good and wise ;
But there were so many bad ones
That these were quite a prize.

But when he saw fit to take
These charters all away,
It must be done — for none would dare
His orders disobey.

And the produce that they raised
They wa'n't allowed to sell,
Unless to English merchants,
Which did not please them well.

For some time their wrongs they bore,
Although with discontent,
Till to their smothered feelings
They did at last give vent.

For on the fourth of July,
Without fear or delay,
They declared that they were free;
'Twas an eventful day.

And to support this freedom
They had fearfully to fight;
But conscience did sustain them,
They felt that they were right.

And now, this is the meaning,
Give ear to what I say,
Remember your forefathers
On Independent day.

SELFISHNESS (1845)

WHAT is the cause of misery,
The cause of war and strife,
The cause of much unhappiness
In this short, fleeting life ?
I scruple not the cause to tell —
'Tis selfishness, I know full well.

What is the cause of murders, thefts,
Of hard words and of blows ?
What is't that causes more than half
Of mankind's real woes ?
I scruple not the cause to tell —
'Tis selfishness, I know full well.

What is the cause of bleeding hearts,
Of silent grief and tears, —
What is the cause of partings sad,
And many anxious fears ?
I scruple not the cause to tell —
'Tis selfishness, I know full well.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE DOG WHO WAS
KILLED BY THE CARS

POOR Jessie ! thou art gone ;
Thy pilgrimage is o'er ;
The pleasures of this life
Thou wilt enjoy no more.
Yet thou'st accomplished well thy end :
In losing thee we've lost a friend.

Poor Jessie ! thou art gone ;
Thy lamp of life is out ;
Dangers have battled with
Thy constitution stout ;
But battled they in vain with thee,
As in the sequel all can see.

Poor Jessie ! thou art gone ;
Thy thread of life was spun
To an uncommon length,
Yet now thy days are done.

An iron hand did end thy life
With perils and with courage rife.

Poor Jessie ! thou art gone ;
We bid thee now adieu ;
No person e'er shall be
Attended more by you ;
In peace and quiet thou shalt lie ;
Jessie, we bid thee now, good-by.

ABBY.

SEPTEMBER, 1846.

THE BRIDAL AND THE FUNERAL

I SAW her at the altar,
Arrayed in purest white ;
Her beauteous cheek was glowing,
Her eye was clear and bright.

I saw the bridegroom standing
So happy by her side,
And proudly gazing on her,
His sweet and gentle bride.

They knelt before the altar,
That lovely youthful pair,
And manliness and sweetness
I saw contrasted there.

And when the aged pastor
In low but thrilling tone,
Had said, with deep emotion,
The words that made them one,

He prayed that life before them
Might ever be as bright,
That no dark clouds of sorrow
Might intercept the light.

And as the bridegroom bore her
From home and friends away,
Full many a prayer, I ween,
Went up for her that day.

'Twas twelve months ere I saw her,
Then in the self-same place —
The church where she was married —
I saw again her face.

But what a change I witnessed !
She, who a year ago
Was full of youthful buoyancy,
By death was now laid low.

That eye, so bright and sparkling,
No more shall view earth's scenes ;
That cheek is cold and deathly,
And marble-like it seems.

And he, to whom were plighted
The youthful vows of love,
He, too, was gone before her
To welcome her above.

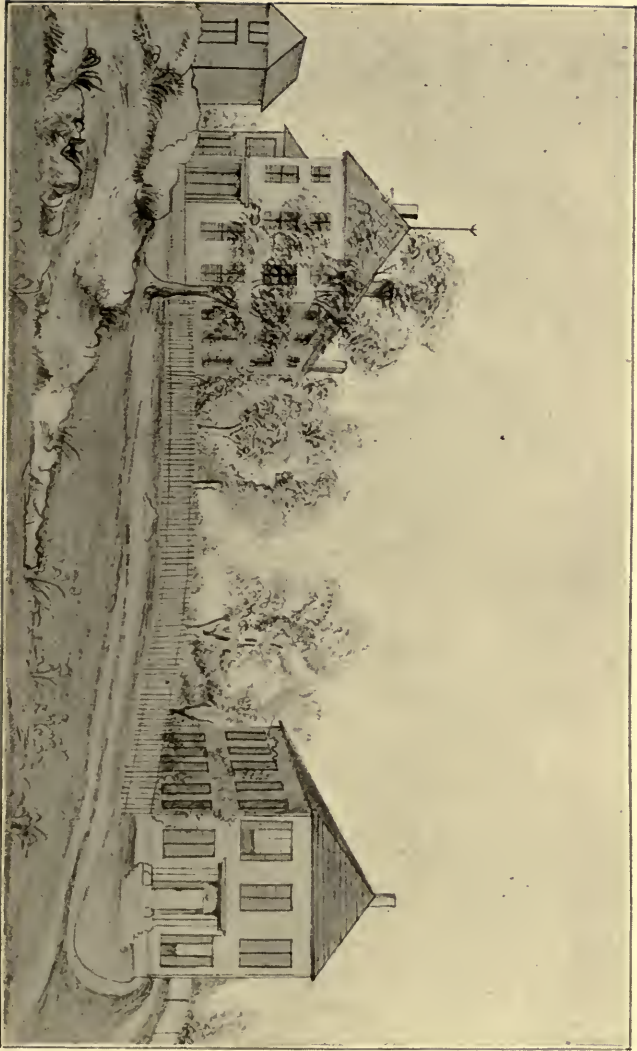
Thus ever is it here below :
Those hopes which surest seem
Are often blighted, and we wake
To find life's but a dream

1847.

THE LITTLE ONE GONE BEFORE

ANOTHER silver voice has gone
To join the choir around the Throne.
Another angel hand doth hold
And sweetly tune a harp of gold.
A bud of rarest, priceless worth,
Too beautiful and pure for earth,
Is gently plucked, beyond the skies
To bloom for aye, — in Paradise.

But ah ! a place is vacant here,
But lately filled by one so dear ;
And many a heart-chord's rudely riven ;
Oh, will they not be joined in Heaven ?



A Drawing Lesson.
Ipswich Female Seminary.
Mary A. Dodge, No. 3.



Ye've seen her in Death's cold embrace,
Ye've looked upon her marble face ;
But not beneath the coffin lid
The beauteous cherished one is hid.
Far, *far* beyond the dreary tomb,
Beyond its cold and cheerless gloom,
Beyond, beyond the clear blue sky,
In Jesus' bosom doth she lie.

Then lay her calmly in the dust,
Though very dear she was to us,
And let us not her loss deplore,
Think her "not lost, but gone before."
Her early death was surely given
A bond to draw us nearer heaven.

IPSWICH FEMALE SEMINARY, 1847.

THE LOST FAN

BEREAVED one, when this you read,
Alas ! I fear your heart will bleed ;
But think, I pray, upon that line
Which in the Scriptures you will find :
Forgive all those who ask to be forgiven.
How many times ? Threescore and ten times
seven.

* * * * *

But to my story I'll proceed,
Although 'tis very sad indeed.
One very sultry summer day
Sarah and I were on our way,
Taking a walk up in the street,
Dragging along our weary feet;
For, as I said, 'twas very hot;
I rather think that we should not
Have walked at all, but that 'tis said
A walk is good for a weary head;
And as I'd used my brainless pate
(Though "soft," 'tis tough at any rate)
Early at morn and late at eve,
I thought 'twas just it should receive
A little rest, and so I went
Into the street to take the *vent*.
I *was* so warm that in my hand
I took your precious little fan,
But little dreaming at that time
My walk would e'er be told in rhyme.
Well, we had nearly reached the end
Of our little journey, when
I chanced to think that I must go
Up to the Seminary, so
I turned my steps; 'twas almost eight,
And as S. feared she should be late
If she went up, she therefore said:
"I will go home and go to bed."

Give me your fan, I am so warm,
I will protect it from all harm."
Then, thoughtlessly, I did consign
That precious, priceless fan of thine
To one, alas! who did not know
How much of weal, how much of woe
Was centred in that little toy
Which formed its owner's light and joy.
When I came home, all warm and tired,
My bonnet off, I soon inquired
After my fan — *it was not there!*
I wrung my hands and tore my hair.
"Where is my fan?" in grief I cried.
"I do not know," S. soon replied.
Day after day I sought in vain.
"You ne'er will see your fan again,"
All coldly said, nor seemed to see
The grief which was consuming me.

* * * * *

One morning bright and warm, I stood
Viewing the fields, in thoughtful mood,
When suddenly my gaze was caught
By something that dispelled all thought.
I clapped my hands and cried, "'Tis found!"
And sure enough, there on the ground,
I saw, outstretched, the little fan
Which erst had caused me so much pain.
I caught it up, but, ah! 'twas then
The wreck of what it once had been;

Covered with dirt, all beaten, torn,
 And by some chance wind had been borne
 From fields afar, unto the place
 Where I had recognized its face.
 I mourned much for my faithful friend
 Who'd come to this untimely end ;
 And o'er its grave (pray do not laugh)
 I placed the following epitaph :

Here lies my fan, a faithful friend, and true,
 Though not unknown to me, perhaps it was to you,
 For it has lived a private life, and never was its
 name
 Proclaimed abroad upon the earth by the silver
 trump of Fame ;
 Though it was loved by me 'twas brought in this dark
 place to lodge,
 By the very faulty thoughtlessness of

MARY ABBY DODGE.

SUMMER, 1847.

A TRAGEDY

(AS NARRATED BY A LITTLE SCHOOL-MATE)

YOUNG Albert leaned against the door
 And looked upon the earth.
 What sad event, thought I, has come
 Thus to disturb your mirth ?
 When looking up with thoughtful brow,
 He slowly said, " They've *killed our cow.*"

'Twas ludicrous ; a reaction
Over my feelings came.
“ Who did the deed ? ” said I to him ;
“ Do you not know his name ? ”
“ Dunnels,” said he, then told me how
The cruel man had “ killed *our cow*.”

O what portentous thing shall come,
To agitate this earth !
Is war and rapine drawing near,
A famine or a dearth ?
For something must be coming now
And why ? because “ they’ve *killed our cow* ! ”

O moon that lookest down on us
With kindly smiling face,
Tell us what thing is coming to
Exterminate our race ?
For surely, I suppose that thou,
Ere this, dost know “ they’ve *killed our cow* ! ”

O sun ! the point whence light and heat
Do daily emanate,
Proclaim from thee to “ *Lé Verrier* ”
This earth’s peculiar state.
From thy high station deign to bow,
And tell to all “ they’ve *killed our cow* ! ”

O stars ! ye fixed stars !
Stars of the milky way !
Who'rt suns, yet nothing can we see
Save but a feebler ray,
Proclaim through all thy systems now
This startling fact, " they've killed our cow ! "

" My course is run, my errand done,"
I have proclaimed to all
Who live upon the surface of
This sublunary ball,
In the lines that I have written now,
The fact that " *Dunnels* killed our cow ! "

Now may'st thou go, poetic Muse ;
Perhaps I'll ne'er again
Call upon thee, at least till thou'rt
More willing to descend,
And may that be when I tell how
" Dunnels " again shall " *kill our cow.*"

ABBY.

DEC. 11, 1847.

PICTURES

AH! sweet was the time
As a tender rhyme
In the beautiful long ago,
That I drew on my slate,
All out of my pate,
Three pictures, all in a row.

The first was a picture
Of lovely nature,
In the shape of my father's hoe;
The next was a frog
Behind a log,
And the third was a great black crow.

Alas! alas!
For the days that are past!
Alas for the great black crow!
Oh! sweet was the time
As a tender rhyme,
But it faded in long ago.

LINES TO MY ALGEBRA

Winter of 1847-48

THOU mighty troubler of the school-girl's brain,
Though thou hast vexed me oft, yet would I
fain

Address to thee my simple, humble lays,
And teach my feeble Muse to sing thy praise.

O Algebra! much more of toil and pain
Thou'st caused me than thou e'er shalt cause again.
The rising sun has found me bending o'er
The problems over which I bend no more.
The evening breeze has fanned my burning brow
(Nay, do not smile at all my troubles now,)
And when in weariness I sought my bed,
Dreams of equations, roots, and fractions filled my
head.

Alas! how dull my intellect must be!
I wonder what my teachers thought of me;
I wonder how I must have seemed to them,
When scarce the easiest steps I'd comprehend.
And, musing on this, I might almost say
(If 'twere not wrong) with one who's passed away,
"O that some power the gift would gie' us
To see oursel' as others see us."

When I had learned to add, subtract, divide,
And multiply, I thought the rest beside

Would seem quite easy and quite plain to me,
 But I was doomed to disappointed be ;
 For soon, alas ! how very soon, I found
 Each section, chapter, problem that came round
 Was harder than the former, soon was taught
 To think no more of ease till every sum was wrought.

Your fractions of which some complain, ne'er troubled
 me as yet,
 For I learned from " Father Greenleaf " what I shall
 not soon forget.
 I puzzled over his enough to last a dozen years ;
 Indeed, my whole scholastic life's been one of puzzling
 fears.

Simple Equations ! they were my delight,
 For I could almost always bring them right, —
 Your Involution, Evolution, too,
 I think are not most difficult to do.
 Of indices and roots, what shall I say ?
 Direct reciprocal, or any way,
 I cannot bear the sight, or sound, or thought,
 Though 'twill not do to let them be forgot.

Well may Sir Isaac Newton's memory find
 A dwelling-place in every human mind !
 Well may his monumental tower ascend !
 Tho 'twere for nought excepting his Binomial Theo-
 rem.

To *complete the square's* a pleasing process, quite,
 If one takes care enough to do it right.
 Your Unknown Quantities, one, two, three, four,
 Of these I think I'd better say no more.
 If they were hard the fault was all in me,
 Therefore I will not lay the blame on thee.

Progression and Proportion and Ratio, all combined,
 Are not so hard, I think, to do as others we might
 find.
 Square roots of compound quantities, what shall I
 say of these?
 They're very like Arithmetic and can be done with
 ease.

At your Miscellaneous Problems I oft cast a wistful
 look,
 For with the last of them I saw the "Finis" of the
 book.
 And who shall bid me not be glad to reach the wished-
 for goal?
 Bidden or not, I do rejoice, and from my inmost soul.

And having toiled so much, so long, my Algebra, for
 thee,
 I'd like to ask, most worthy book, what have *you* done
 for me?
 Am I wiser, am I better, than when, in former hours,
 I knew not of your indices, your fractions, roots, or
 powers?

Alas! how little do I know! not one-half what I
ought,
For knowledge with half eagerness enough I have not
sought;
And many, *many* idle hours have now forever gone
And left behind their shadows dark for me to think
upon.

And as I look on thy familiar face,
My Algebra, thou tak'st me to the place
Where all thy sums and problems first were wrought,
Where all thy intricacies first were taught
To me. I think of hours past,
Of hours too happy, far, for aye to last.
Ah! Earth's inhabitants may not enjoy
The sweets of friendship, here, without alloy.
Sad memory, ever faithful to her trust,
Brings me the thought of one, now laid in dust;
Of one who conned thy pages with me o'er;
Of one who'll con them with me, now, no more.
Her frail and fragile form could not withstand
The icy touch of the grim Angel's hand.
Ere that the weight of time was on her brow,
E'en then, the fell Destroyer laid her low.
In the damp, darksome grave her loved form lies;
No more her sweet face meets our longing eyes;
No more her voice, in music tones, shall greet
The ears of those who're wont with her to meet.

Disease has breathed on her his withering breath,
And laid her prostrate in the arms of Death.

Ah ! many associations with thee dwell !
I may not linger round them. My Algebra, farewell.

AN ACROSTIC

MAY flowers in sweet profusion bloom
Around your path, dear friend ;
Roses most bounteously along
Your way, may Heaven send.

Ever may you, by virtue led,
Life's mazes most serenely tread ;
Love be the sun that lights your way,
Ever illumine the darkest day,
Nor e'er on thee omit to shed an ever brighten-
ing ray.

Virtue, dear Mary, brings its own reward,
As other lips than mine have often told ;
Rarer than gold or diamonds to be found,
Ne'er given or received, or bought or sold ;
E'en in that better world its worth is known,
Yet shines with brilliant lustre in our own.

Shall you and I, dear Mary, e'er attain,
 As with a rapid step we take our flight
 Life's labyrinth through, virtue immaculate,
 Even without a single stain that might
 Mar its clear, guileless loveliness, or darken its
 pure light ?

May your steps ever wend to that fair goal,
 And may it be refreshing to your soul ;
 Sweetly in this life may you ever dwell,
 Still happier, sweeter, in the world above, —
 farewell !

MARY ABBY DODGE.

IPSWICH, APRIL 27, 1848.

TO MY MOTHER

These lines are affectionately inscribed

THAT OLD KNIFE

THAT old knife,
 It is of ancient mould,
 It is not made of silver,
 Nor yet of burnished gold.
 The handle is of horn
 And the blade is made of steel,
 Yet not the less respect
 Do I towards it feel.

'Tis not the warrior's blade
Oft sheathed in blood of men ;
Thus would it not fulfil
Its being's aim and end.
Its life hath passed in peace,
Far from the battle strife,
Pursuing works of love,
Thou dear domestic knife !

Full thirty years have passed
Since first thy life begun,
And varied and toilsome
The race that thou hast run.
Thou hast been with my mother
From her first wedded life ;
Thou ought'st to be respected,
Thou venerated knife.

How many tons of bread
And hundred-weights of meat
Hast thou helped to prepare
For hungry ones to eat.
Oh ! could poor Ireland's son,
Who asked in tones forlorn,
" Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn " —

Could he have had access
To thy profuse supply,

He had not of starvation
 Thus laid him down — to die.
 He might have lived, mayhap,
 A long and happy life;
 As long, perchance, as thou.
 O antiquated knife.

What strange events have passed
 Those thirty years within,
 Through all thou to my mother
 A faithful friend hast been.
 Thou hast seen her little children
 In their gambols, sports, and plays,
 And thou hast e'er attended them
 Through childhood's golden days.

We were a happy band,
 A happy band of seven.
 We all are living now,
 But one has gone to heaven.
 She was a fair-haired child,
 Too pure on earth to roam,
 Too frail to brave its chilling blasts,
 So Jesus took her home.

And thou hast seen the rest
 Pass one by one away,
 Till in their childhood's home
 But one alone doth stay.

All but that one have reached
Maturer years of age,
And gone to act their part
Upon the world's wide stage.

I, *I* alone remain,
The youngest of the seven ;
Last of the little band
Unto our parents given.
Full fifteen years have left
Their impress on my brow,
Yet as I loved thee formerly
I love thee better now.

Thou art the last of twelve
That thirty years ago
Were bright and new as any
That modern cutlers show.
But time has hied him on,
And robbed thee of thy gloss ;
Thy steel hath lost its polish,
And thy blade its edge hath lost.

Soon, *soon* wilt thou be numbered
Among the things that were, *
But never shall thy memory
Within the breast of her

* "That Old Knife" remains among the things that *are*, with the original copy of this poem, in her library. *Ed.*, 1902.

Who, gazing on the Past,
Hath penned for thee these lays,
Sink into dark Oblivion,
Relic of former days.

And should, in after years,
Cares cluster round her brow,
May she then learn to bear
As patiently as thou.
And, oh! may she fulfil
Her end and aim in life
As well as thou hast done,
Thou wise and worthy knife.

A DREAM

[To H. A. D.]

I HAD a dream, but was it *all* a dream?
Howe'er, I'll tell it, as you always seem
To court my confidence; so now give heed,
And my uncommon dream you soon shall read.
The *real* from the dream you may divide,
And ponder on the truth, but set the *dream* aside.

I ate mince-pie last night, perhaps the cause
May there be found — transgressing nature's laws;
But let mince-pie no more be touched by me,
If after it such sights I'm doomed to see.

Methought I had a little purse
All trimmed with tassels, none the worse
For wear ; the clasp had not yet lost
Its polish, nor the silk its gloss.
Methought I had some money,
Not much, I confess,
But though 'twas very little,
It might have been much less,
And so, of course, I valued it,
As you will easy guess.

Methought, then, in my dreams I put
My money and my purse together,
And glad was I that so I did,
For well did each one fit the other.

As still I dreamed,
To me it seemed,
For reasons known
To me alone,
I wished that you
Nor none might view
My little " root
Of evil " put
Within my purse, nor have it told
Just my exact amount of gold.
I did not think that it must be,
For safety, put 'neath lock and key.

Mother, I thought, was surely trusty,
And so, indeed, must be Augusta;
And, fondly putting confidence
In your own *honor* and *good sense*,
I laid the purse "d'argent et d'or"
In Mother's secretary drawer.

Now, still as on and on I dreamed,
My mind assumed a different tone,
A strange, harsh sound fell on my ear,
"Money, Paul, money," did I hear.

Then in my sleep I turned my face,
Methought, unto the very place
From whence the ugly sound proceeded.
Gracchi! but one short glance was needed,
For what sight met my wondering view!
Why! there before the drawer stood you.
My little purse was in your grasp,
Your fingers had unloosed the clasp,
Each shining piece that through it passed
You counted — then a laugh I heard,
Low but contemptuous, and it stirred
The evil passions in my heart;
I bid them, but they'd not depart,
But I controlled them all and uttered not a word.

My feelings then were as acute
As though I were awake.

How glad I am that 'twas not so,
Though only for your sake.

You whom I had believed upright,
Whose every word I'd thought was right,
Now stood direct before my face,
Clad in the robes of deep disgrace.

A different kind of sound
I soon began to hear
A hand was on my shoulder,
A voice was in my ear ;
I heard my father say,
" Here, mend my mittens, dear."
I started up, a ray of hope 'gan through my soul to
gleam ;
Judge, if you can, of my relief to find it all a
dream.

ABBY.

Nov. 9, 1848.

TO MY BROTHER

WHO JESTINGLY SAID, "WRITE ME A PIECE
ABOUT THE HAND"

TO no soul-inspiring strains
Tune I now my lyre.
No enthusiastic theme
Calls forth poetic fire.
The subject I have taken
A poet seldom chooses,
Yet not all despairingly
I now convoke the Muses.

I breathe no tale of Fiction — no scene from Fairy
Land,
Yet not devoid of interest is the busy human *Hand*.

Its little nerves, how finely strung, how delicate they
are,
And yet, not sensitive enough our happiness to mar;
Think — had they been less exquisite much pleasure
had been lost,
And many *useful little* deeds much trouble would
have cost;
And had they been more exquisite, what anguish we
should find
In many substances we touch, which now we do not
mind.

And who would think, when gazing on an infant's
little hand,
That 'neath its covering were streams true as e'er
flowed on land.
So countless are the rivulets that from the heart are
sent,
The slightest cambric needle wound will give the life-
wave vent.
And upward through the tiny breach the pure drop
wends its way,
Till on the surface fair it stands, and blushes at the
day.
Oh! how many are these little rills, and yet, such is
their size,
That most of them are not discerned by the most
piercing eyes.
In ceaseless silence, on — on — on — the warm life-
current flows,
Invigorating, strengthening, refreshing as it goes.

How well adapted to our use is each and every part,
Each prompting ready to obey of soul and mind and
heart;
Propelled by mighty intellects with power and wisdom
fraught,
What wonders in our little world its agency has
wrought.

Cast now thine eye through centuries that long, long
since have fled,
Through lapse of ages that have passed o'er earth's
unnumbered dead,
Down the dim vista of the Past, in bold relief still
stand
Countless mementoes of the skill of this all-wondrous
Hand.

Egyptian pyramids, what vast extent
And durability are therein blent,
Of height stupendous, and amazing base,
They stand in sullen grandeur on the face
Of the green earth — laugh at each paltry cause
That ruins nations and overthrows their laws;
Mock at the ruins of a prostrate world,
Nor heed the darts that time has at them
hurled;
Outline the glory of their mother state,
And scorn the power of the “vulgar great,”
Whence sprang this massive wonder of all
lands—
From hosts of wondrous, wonder-working
Hands.

Lo! on the plains of Rephidim the battle banners
wave,
Thousands of men assemble there to find — a nameless
grave.

The sons of Amalek are there, a brave and prosperous
race,
And Israel's children, too, are there, of slow and
feeble pace;
Weakened by bondage, and fatigued with march
severe and long,
How dare they cope with Amalek, the brave, the
proud, the strong?
Ah! One was there who oft had said, "I am thy
sure Defence,"
And He had bid them there to stand, and who should
drive them thence?
And now that chosen few stand forth, strong in
Jehovah's might,
Nor quail before those hostile bands, nor tremble at
the sight;
With faith unwavering, hope as strong, and confidence
in God,
They upward turn their wistful eyes toward Heaven,
his high Abode.
All patiently they wait the sign from his Eternal
Throne,
By which to conquer and to feel that they are not alone.
And now an impulse strikes each breast, and all turn
as one man
To where, upon a small hill-top, their two deliverers
stand.
This is the *sign* that God has given, while Moses lifts
his *Hands*.

Then Israel's children shall prevail against the hostile
bands ;
But if through weakness or through fear his *Hands*
should droop and fall,
The sons of Amalek shall be the conquerors of all.

Now hear the clash of war-like arms, the rush of many
feet,
As the two battling armies in fierce contention meet.
Now Israel's children turn their eyes to where their
Moses stands,
And hope springs up afresh, for Hur and Aaron stay
his *Hands*.
And now the bright and glorious sun is sinking in the
west,
And the fatigued belligerents are glad to stop and rest.
Who come off conquerors in the strife, the many or the
few ?
The latter — God had promised them, and he to them
was true.
Invincibly, courageously, effectually they fought,
“ They paled not, they quailed not,” for Moses' *Hands*
drooped not.

But we will dwell no longer on Time's past, distant
page,
For in the nineteenth century — e'en in the present
age —

I think we'll find a useful thing has been this little
Hand,
To ever busy, ever eager, ever restless man.

Cheerily, cheerily,
Onward they go ;
Merrily, merrily,
High and the low ;
New England's famed city
Is teeming with life,
Her streets and her Common
With interest rife.
The warm sun is flinging
His brightest beams down,
And happy the faces
Now blooming around.
And happy the cause
That assembled them there,
Those faces so manly,
And faces so fair.
To one common focus
Swells the eager life-tide,
The *oasis* of Boston,
Her joy and her pride.
But the rude hand of man
Its quiet has broke,
Disturbed its fair waters
With merciless stroke.

Full five and twenty years ago
A citizen alone
Sat, and his meditations took
A melancholy tone —
For water, water, was the cry
That ever met his ear,
Disease and danger stalked abroad
For want of water clear.
The liquid that men drank,
It could not honored be
With the name of that which ever
To all men should be free —
Water, that richest blessing,
That boon of priceless worth,
Given unto the dwellers
In this, our fallen earth.
He thought of many a scheme
By which relief to bring,
And Hope around his soul
A syren song did sing.
On that autumnal morn,
That bright October day,
The citizen of whom we spoke
Was gayest of the gay.

For the scheme that he invented, so many bygone
years,
Had reached its full fruition, and all his hopes and
fears

Were scattered like the mists before the rising sun,
And all the city blessed him for the good that he had
done.

Immense were the endeavors that Boston's sons had
made,
Large basins had been formed and channels had been
laid;
A fountain was to play upon the Common fair,
And rivers, lakes, and channels, all terminated there.

And now the time was come, the people gathered
round,
And the breezes bore away a low and whispering sound.
And now a powerful voice was heard above the hum-
ming din,
"Citizens, if it be your mind the water to let in,
Please to say Ay!" and then arose as it would rend
the sky,
From that immense assembled throng, one long tre-
mendous "*Ay.*"
Slowly at first, then faster, rushed the water, bold and
free,
And from that soul-inspired crowd there went up
"three times three."
What caused the fountain there to play so sweetly in
its pride,
And from Cochituate's bosom sent the welcome crystal
tide?

Not the lone citizen who sat with brow perplexed with
thought,
He did not *wish to do the work*, it was the plan he
sought.

He might have sat there in his room

And pondered until now,

But to his *cogitations*

The *rivers* would not bow.

What moved from their quiescent state

The waters of Cochituate,

And sent its glad, refreshing streams throughout the
thirsty land ?

The skill of many a wondrous and wonder-working
Hand.

There is a Hand that guides us,

Life's tangled mazes through ;

Oh, may that Hand be ever

A potent guide to you.

And when in peace and plenty,

All happily you stand,

Forget not that these favors

Come from a *Father's Hand*.

JAN. 13, 1849.

THE SONG OF THE GOUT

WITH fingers extended and stiff,
With head all aching and hot,
An old man sat in a cushioned chair
Supporting his weary foot.
Ache — ache — ache,
With remedies and without,
And his voice a dolorous pitch did take,
As he sang the song of the gout.

Ache — ache — ache,
In the silent noon of night ;
Ache — ache — ache,
In the bright sun's pleasing light.
And it's oh ! to be a savage
Along with the Indian nation,
Where gout has never dared to come,
If this is civilization.

Ache — ache — ache,
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Ache — ache — ache,
Till the eyelids are heavy and dim.
Pills and aloes and salts,
Salts and aloes and pills,
Till over sal-nitre I fall asleep,
To dream of *medicinal rills*.

O doctor, with balsam rare!
O surgeon, with lancet and knife!
It is not lancet or balsam I want,
I ask but for health and life.

Ache — ache — ache,
Longing and wishing for health,
Groaning away, with a treble groan,
My happiness, time, and wealth.

But why do I talk of health,
That phantom of florid hue?
I cannot grasp his lovely form,
Though 'tis ever before my view,
When awake and when asleep.
Alas! that health should be so dear,
And gout and dyspepsia so cheap.

Ache — ache — ache.

Ache — ache — ache
From weary chime to chime;
Ache — ache — ache,
As the schoolboy aches for crime.
Pills and aloes and salts,
Senna and rhubarb root,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary foot.

Ache — ache — ache,
In the dull December night;
Ache — ache — ache,
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows fly,
As if to show how healthy they,
And happier far, than I.

Oh ! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet,
To see the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet.
Oh ! for but one short hour
To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of gout,
With which I now must deal.

Oh ! for but one short hour
However quick it flies,
No blessed leisure for happiness,
But only time for sighs.
A little walking would strengthen me,
But here I must remain
Through the long dreary winter months,
Till summer comes again.

With fingers extended and stiff,
 With head all aching and hot,
 An old man sat in his cushioned chair,
 Supporting his weary foot.

Ache — ache — ache,
 With remedies and without,
 And his voice a dolorous song did make —
 Oh ! that the rich would a warning take
 From this same song of the gout.

JUNE 16, 1849.

LINES

WRITTEN IN MY BROTHER'S ALBUM

YOU ask that I should write, brother,
 Oh ! say, what shall it be ?
 Shall I not twine a chaplet
 From by-gone days for thee ?
 I know thy heart still clings, brother,
 Unto thy childhood's home,
 The consecrated places
 Where once thou loved'st to roam.
 I mind me of the time, brother,
 Within the darksome wood,
 Or when we crossed the meadows
 And culled the sweet wild flowers,
 All thoughtlessly beguiling
 The happy, swift-winged hours.

Remember you the orchard,
Where grew the loaded trees,
Whose heavy-laden branches
Bowed gently to the breeze ?
And do you not remember
The green and wooded way
That led us where so quietly,
A sparkling springlet lay ?
And where its little rivulets,
By willow-trees o'erhung,
Leaped gladly o'er the shaded grass,
The mossy rocks among ?
Oh ! happy were those days, brother,
Though shadows came and went,
And o'er some childish moments
A flickering darkness sent.
The old haunts echo now, brother,
No more to merry feet
And the faces are not there, brother,
That once I loved to greet ;
The green trees wave their branches
As erst they used to wave.
And the bright streams lave the rocks, brother,
As erst they used to lave.
But the "Life of life " hath fled, brother,
From all those sunny nooks,
And changes there have come, brother,
Affection hardly brooks.
For stranger feet now tread, brother,

Each well-remembered place,
 And on those ever hallowed scenes
 Have left their heartless trace.
 But still *within the soul*, brother,
 Is painted every spot
 In such true, life-like hues, brother,
 They'll never be forget.
 The beauty of our childhood's home
 Will shortly pass away ;
 The lines deep graven in the soul
 Will *never more* decay.
 Thus are *we* passing on, brother,
We're passing quick away,
 But there's a *life within*, brother,
 That never shall decay.
 The soul's life is a mystic one,
 "'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange,"
 And wondrous, high and holy
 Is its aspiring range.
 Still, the soul is *bound* on earth, brother,
 By its unwieldy load,
 But it will don celestial robes,
 Before the Throne of God.
 And when the soul is freed, brother,
 From its material state,
 And doffed with joyful gladness
 Its cumbrous earthly weight,
 There will appear to us, brother,
 In clear and sparkling light,

Our spiritual life on earth.
How wonderful the sight !
And when *your* soul thus stands, brother,
In its own veil-less view,
Oh ! may no unrepented sin
Come betwixt God and you.
And though each thought be seen, brother,
May nought impure be found ;
But may you, washed in Jesus' blood,
List to the welcome sound,
That from the Highest ever comes
To all who do His word —
“ Well done, now enter, faithful one,
The presence of thy Lord.”
And may you, ever freed, brother,
From all impure alloy,
Spend an eternity of bliss
In ever flowing joy.
And may your spirit rove, brother,
O'er Heaven's celestial shore,
With Christ and sinless beings
To dwell forevermore.

A REQUIEM FOR THE DEPARTED

TEAR it down, tear it down, with a mighty stroke,
Let the Dutch house disappear ;
It has stood upright with its beams of oak,
And its firm built walls, now dim with smoke,
For many a bygone year.
Of timber strong was the old house made,
On a rock foundation its base was laid ;
But a cycle's storms have beat o'er its head,
And now its glory and pride have fled.

It stands, oh, it stands on a beautiful site,¹
A river flows gently by,
With its waves of crystal and silver bright,
Crested with diamonds and pearls of light,
And pure as the cloudless sky.
Grassy and green is the flowery shore,
Broad are the tree-tops that wave evermore,
Dense is the cool shade and sweet is the song
Of the gay plumaged birds the green branches
among.

It may be, it may be that long years ago,
Before the old house was there,
When gentle as now was the river's flow,
The music of nature as soothing and low,
And the banks as green and fair —

¹ In Ipswich, Mass.

Perhaps at the close of the summer's day,
The voices of children were heard in play,
While the parents, reposing from labor and care,
Sought the coolness and quietude always there.

But years upon years have passed away,
And father and son have gone —
And they who lived in that distant day,
Have, one by one, trod the same dark way,
And now is left not one.
And the house, the house where long they dwelt,
The finger of time it has sadly felt ;
It is black with age ; it is viewed with gloom,
And a dwelling for ghosts seems each lonely room.

Tear it down, tear it down with a mighty stroke,
Let the Dutch house disappear ;
It has stood upright with its beams of oak,
And its firm built walls, now dim with smoke,
For many a bygone year.
But the time has come for it to die,
Its dissolution draweth nigh.
Farewell, farewell, to the house of yore,
We shall see the Dutch house nevermore.

THE LAST INDIAN

○ N Monoiska's rocky banks,
Osconeoma stood ;
Upon its dark blue marsh he gazed,
In melancholy mood.

The twilight long had passed away,
The moon was shining bright,
But to the Indian's lonely heart
It brought no silvery light.

He heard the autumn's whistling winds,
The waves' low, sullen roll,
And darker, deeper gloom o'erspread
Osconeoma's soul.

Remembered he the former days,
Before the white man came
To grasp the Indian's hunting ground —
Destroy the Indian's name.

Remembered he the former days,
When proud, and brave, and free,
His father tribe was six-score souls,
A noble band to see.

Remembered he their mighty deeds,
Their power could none withstand ;
Fearless, unconquered, long they reigned,
The masters of the land.

But then there dawned an evil day ;
They saw the paleface come,
And on their coasts a harbor find,
And on their soil a home.

And day by day, and year by year
The strangers' might increased,
And feebler waxed the Indian's strength,
Till *now*, his rule had ceased.

Long, long Osconeoma stood,
And deep and fearful gloom
Came o'er his soul, as thus he mused
Upon the Indian's doom.

Beneath the forest shade reposed
The ashes of his race ;
And there his own, he long had hoped,
Would find a resting place.

" Why tarries the Great Spirit thus ? "
The Indian sighed alone ;
" Why sends he not for me to go
Where all the brave have gone ?

" Truly, the Father hath forgot,
So shall I never see
The wild chase and the hunting ground
He hath prepared for me.

“Yet will I go, I know I may,
To reach that distant spot —
The rolling waves are black and cold,
The Indian fears them not.”

Unearthly fire is in his eye,
His youthful strength returns,
And now his wildly throbbing breast
With strange excitement burns.

“Souls of my Fathers!” loud he cries,
“I come to join your songs;
Revenge, Great Spirit, oh, revenge
Osconeoma’s wrongs!”

One fearful plunge, one wild death-shriek
The echoing rocks resound;
And he has vanished — all is still —
Dread silence reigns around.

Fair Monoiska’s gentle waves
Uptoss the tiny surge,
And, with the low rocks, murmuring make
Osconeoma’s dirge.

MARY ABBY DODGE.

IPSWICH FEMALE SEMINARY, Oct. 6, 1849.

TO JOSE BARDOTTEE

WRITTEN FOR —

FULL many a moon has waxed and waned ;
Full many a spring has flown ;
Full many an Autumn's "yellow leaf"
And sighing wind have gone ;
Full many a year has passed away,
With light and shadow fraught,
Since last I gazed upon thy face,
My beautiful Bardottee.

How strangely, wildly throbs my heart ;
How thrillingly arise
Visions of bygone youthful scenes,
Before my tearful eyes.
Ah ! visions of those early days,
Which *will* not be forgot,
Thy name, upon my lips, recalls
Thy name, my own Bardottee.

I stand again amid the Past ;
I see my own loved home ;
I see upon the rock-based hill
The old church's lofty dome ;
I see the quiet shady walks,
Each dear familiar spot

Where I was wont to rove with thee,
My raven-haired Bardottee.

Then! *then* the spring to me was fair,
The summer days looked bright,
I gazed on Autumn's loveliness,
Nor saddened at the sight.
I feared not Winter's wreathing snow
His blasts could harm me not,
'Twas light and love if thou wert there,
My sunny-eyed Bardottee.

A change has come. The dreams of youth
Have vanished quite away.
Bright hopes and high imaginings,
They cheered me but a day.
But life — life *real, stern, and cold*,
Hath ever vainly sought
To tear thy image from my heart,
My noble-browed Bardottee.

On fair Italia's vineclad realms
Thy feet were wont to roam.
Beneath her gorgeous, glorious skies
Was placed thy sunlit home.
The beauties of that classic shore,
On which was cast thy lot,
Were wreathen with thy very life,
My gentle-souled Bardottee.

Farewell ! I may not longer gaze
Upon the pictured Past.
Too thrilling, powerful the glance
Thus casually cast.
In vain ! in vain ! it *cannot* be —
Thou art not *quite* forgot ;
Thy memory must aye remain,
My loved, long-lost Bardottee.

TO AN ANCIENT SHOE

F ADED relic of the Past,
Formed upon a British “ last,”
Can I not, by hook or crook,
For my “ composition book,”
Write a page or two from you,
Antiquated silken Shoe ?

Ah ! I think that I can trace
In thy quiet aged face,
Half a look of grave assent, —
So my Muse may now give vent,
And may see what she can do
With a high-heeled, green silk Shoe.

Let me think ; how many years,
Fraught with hopes and joys and fears,
Have there been upon the earth
Since the day that gave you birth ?

Say, has not our little world
Five-score times its sails unfurled
For a voyage round the sun,
Since your life was first begun ?

Well, then, quite a little age
You have been upon the stage,
And you ought to have a weight
Of knowledge, both of small and great.
Had I been where you have been,
Had I seen what you have seen,
I should know a vast deal more
Of the times and days of yore
Than you now appear to do,
Most un-literary *Shoe*.

Long, to us, your life may seem ;
After all 'tis but " a dream."
Hear what good old Jacob says :
" Few and short have been my days."
Yet he lived more years than you,
Little V toed, silken Shoe.

You have been where I have not,
And have seen — I don't know what.
With aristocratic dames,
At the court of good St. James,
You have tripped, nor loth, nor slow,
On " the light, fantastic toe."

Though I rather think you'd be
Too fantastic, quite, for me.
Borne upon your lofty heel,
Like, I fear that I should feel,
Pisa's famous leaning tower,
Which, I fancy, every hour
Fears lest some untimely breeze,
Sighing through the trembling leaves,
Should its posture, nice, o'erthrow,
And should lay its proud head low.

Well, old Shoe, your glory's gone,
And your work has long been done.
Now, pray tell me where'd you get
Any right to be here yet?
Long ago you should have died,
With your partner by your side.
What can anybody do
With a clumsy thing like you?
Would a single soul in town
Wear you? No. You'd throw them down.
Then don't look so prim and nice,
I really think you need a slice
Of what my aunt calls "humble pie."
At all events, you'd better try
Cast the proud hope from your soul,
That, although you're very old,
Anybody cares for you,
Superannuated Shoe.

Do you think me too severe ?
Well, perhaps I am, my dear,
But my *reverence* has gone
On a journey to the moon,
Or I'm sure I don't know where
It can be found if 't isn't there.
It's been "vamosed" all the time
Since I first commenced this rhyme,
And that is the reason why
Such an unrelenting cry
'Gainst you I've made. But now forgive.
You henceforth in peace may live.
So farewell, farewell to you,
Poor old silver buckled Shoe.

DEC. 25, 1849.

A PARODY

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE APPEARANCE OF A MOUSE
IN FRONT OF MR. COWLES' DESK

○ NE more new claimant for
Ipswich instruction,
Swelling the crowds that have
Sought introduction.
I, as I see the guest,
Tremble to look at him,
And I am tempted to
Throw my French book at him.

Room for him somewhere
Out of the house ;
I am afraid of the
Shade of a mouse !
Frighten the stranger
With broomstick away,
Valiantly, speedily,
Do not delay.

See in his fearfulness
How his eye glistens, —
See how his little heart
Throbs as he listens,
Strange that his mouseship
Had no adviser
Who could have counselled him
To have been wiser !

Could he but have a glimpse
Into futurity,
Well might he tremble
For his security.
Yet does it seem to me,
If he "makes tracks,"
He may escape from
Hostile attacks.

The wonder to me is,
How did he get there —

Under whose auspices
Now does he sit there?
Truly his ingress is
Clouded in mystery;
I am sure I cannot
Guess at its history.

Something too much of this
Cowardly prating.
See now how sober he
Looks, meditating.
Now he squeals lustily —
Bravo! my hearty one,
Lungs like an orator
Cheering his party on.

Look how his little eyes
Turn to us pleadingly,
Can we help pitying,
Pitying exceedingly?
Partly with laughter and
Partly with fears,
See! see! he is coming!
Leap up on the chairs!

Now then, to hunt him out:
Who is there cool for it?
Turn to Miss Robinson,
Or to the school for it?

Sure 'tis a branch of
Practical science,
And this young mouse sets
Rules at defiance.

Hark ! Mrs. Cowles bids us
Let him alone.
Wait a few moments
And he will be gone.
There ! he *is* running
Out of the house,
So now, farewell to thee,
Wandering mouse.

A METRICAL ROMANCE.

IN FIVE CANTOS.

Translated from the German of Goethe by Henry W. Longfellow.

Abridged, altered, revised, corrected, and stereotyped by Nemo
Nawahed (from the 197th London edition).

Published in the United States by Harper & Brothers.

Copy of a letter from Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate presumptive, to
the publishers.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS :

Allow me to tender my grateful acknowledgments
for the gem of poetry which you have recently sent
me. No words can describe the ecstasy with which I
perused that wonderful production. Suffice it to say,

that it combined all the excellencies of Goethe and Longfellow, without the defects of either. There is throughout a tone of loyalty — a respect for monarchical institutions, together with a plot thoroughly republican — which cannot fail to please. Especially in these times which “try” kings’ “souls,” when almost every throne in Europe is tottering, such a poem cannot fail to have a soothing effect upon the “powers that be.” At the earliest possible opportunity I shall lay it before Lord John Russell, who will communicate it to Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who will probably instruct their American ambassador, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, to present due acknowledgments to the gifted author.

If I should ever be poet laureate (“*ut potius reor, et potius Di numine firment*”) be assured I shall take early measures to present *Nemo Nawahed* to the public.

With respect,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

To Arthur, youngest son of Her Britannic Majesty, Alexandrina Victoria and Prince Albert of Coburg, this work is respectfully inscribed.

CANTO FIRST.

Introductory Address to his Lordship.

LONG is the time, my Prince, ah ! long
 Since last I sung my joyous song.
 Long hath my harp, neglected, lain.
 I thought to touch its strings again

No more, for Time's resistless hand
Hath thrust me far from "Fair Dream Land."
The sunken cheek and silvered hair
And furrowed brow stern witness bear,
That Youth long since from me hath fled,
And left cold wrinkled Age instead.

Yet, Mighty Prince, when unto me
The breezes wafted o'er the Sea
The tidings, that thine azure eyes
Had gazed with infantine surprise
Upon this world, so strange and new
To thy bewildered, wondering view —
Then Youth's life-tide once more returned —
Then my seared heart with rapture burned.
The frozen streams of "feeling fine"
Dissolved by genial Love's sunshine.
I felt that I again was young —
That Childhood's scenes I stood among —
With Fervor, then I swept once more
My palsied hand the lute-strings o'er.

Thus, then, O Prince, I send to thee
A greeting o'er the rolling sea.
I sing not of proud Briton's fame,
Her bright though not unsullied name,
I give not, now, a passing glance
To Scotia's hills of wild Romance —

I sing not of the crested knight —
Of honor, won in deadly fight —
Where heroes fear — not Death but *Shame* —
Of periled life for haughty dame.
I sing not of the ancient lore
Of nations, — nations now no more,
Of ancient wood and mystic rite,
Shrouded in everlasting night,
Where man poured out his brother's blood,
A sacrifice, before his God.

Such scenes as these would scarce be meet
In song thy rising life to greet.
I may not chill thy infant soul
With tales of thrilling horror told,
Of superstition's bloody sway,
Of Battle's raging fierce affray ;
Mine — mine shall be a gentler lay —
A lay of love — a lay of truth —
The fresh, young love of happy youth.
List to the tale, I pray thee, now,
Of Aaron Clark and Betty Dow.

CANTO SECOND.

The Heroine.

Young Betty was a lassie fair,
With thin and slightly grayish hair.
Her eyes were neither gray nor green,
But just about half way between.

And so far back within her head
They looked like little balls of lead.
Her pretty mouth, though rather wide,
Touched not the ear on either side,
But seemed as if it fain would do it
Whene'er a laugh came ringing through it,
Which was not oft (to speak the truth —
Miss Betty was a sombre youth).
Her teeth were large, and square, and good,
To masticate the hardest food.

Her head was plump and round and small,
With no unseemly bumps at all.
Her character was perfect made,
So no protuberance displayed.
But all was fair, symmetric, neat, —
Once Nature left her work complete.
Her bust was faultless to be seen
As any Betty's bust, I ween.
Her height was neither less nor more
But just exactly three feet four.
Her gait was somewhat like the swan,
When solid land it walks upon.
What added to her pretty face,
And gave her graceful form more grace,
Were the accomplishments possessed,
Which served her more than all the rest;
For Betty made the best of bread,
And not a cook-book ever read.

Her butter was so fresh and sweet,
It seemed as if 'twas made to eat.
And Betty, too, could make a cheese
With all imaginable ease ;
Could fry a most delicious fritter,
Whene'er her mistress chose to let her.
Indeed, she cooked a handsome dish
Of any kind, fowl, flesh, or fish.
Ah ! Betty Dow was always sure
To suit the daintiest epicure.

Her master liked her for her skill,
Her mistress, for her lack of will.
Whene'er she heard the children mutter,
She gave them sugared bread and butter.
So this Miss Dow was loved by all
Within the house both great and small.
Although I query if she knew
Whether the sea were red or blue ;
And thought the sun, whate'er they said,
Was not much larger than her head ;
And that the stars were bits of light,
Hung up to glisten in the night ;
And knew, let men think what they please,
The moon was made of fresh, green cheese.

CANTO THIRD.

The Hero.

Long, raven hair, complexion dark,
And coal-black eyes had Aaron Clark.
But, ah ! in vain I court the Muses —
My stubborn pen the task refuses
Of giving thus the inventory
Of minor parts of *manly* glory.
When one describes the *female* fair
One can extol the wavy hair,
The cherry lip, the rosy cheek,
The mild blue eye, and spirit meek —
But of Creation's Lord, absurd
Are such accounts whenever heard.
We speak of moral worth, the soul,
The mind, the intellectual whole.
Therefore, of Aaron Clark I'll scan
The inner, not the outer man.
In this dull world you seldom find
A counterpart of his great mind.
His soul soared far beyond the skies;
He scorned the learning of Earth's wise;
But to himself he kept as fast
His knowledge as did Hudibras
His wit. He craved no useless store
Of scientific learned lore,
That might his genius freedom cramp.
He wasted not the "midnight lamp"

In poring over musty scrolls
And hieroglyphic parchment rolls.
He joined not his unsullied name
With those of candidates for fame.
On Earth's poor praise, he aye looked down,
And laughed to scorn her weak renown.
He squandered not his precious time
With Irving's prose or Byron's rhyme ;
Nor studied all the days of youth,
To bring to light some abstract truth.
He'd sit a year, beneath a tree,
And, every hour, an apple see
Fall to the ground without cessation,
And never think of gravitation.
In mathematics, well he knew
That one and one sometimes make two.
Moreover, he could read, and had
Once gone to school, when quite a lad.
He there began, with bashful fear,
His geographical career.
He stayed from nine o'clock till noon,
And learned a page of "Malte Brun,"
Besides these verses, which, I trow,
He well remembers, even now.

 "The world is round, and, like a ball,
 Seems swinging in the air.
 The sky extends around it all,
 And stars are shining there.

Water and land upon the face
Of this round globe we see.
The land is man's safe dwelling place,
But ships sail on the sea."
At noon he closed the hated book,
And gave the "last, long, lingering look"
At pupil, ferrule, desk, and master,
And than he came he went much faster;
Leaped gladly through the open door,
And never crossed its threshold more.

CANTO FOURTH.

The Courtship.

Descend, O Muse! I humbly pray,
And guide me through an unknown way.
Thy aid I crave, inspire my song,
In soft accords, the notes prolong.

'Twas Sabbath morn. Young Betty rose,
Put on her go-to-meeting clothes,
Brushed carefully her silvered hair,
And on her neck, so white and fair,
She clasped a brilliant yellow string
Of golden beads, a silver ring,
A green, square breast-pin, made of glass
And purest kind of shining brass;
And pink chintz dress, with plaits and bows,
She wore, and well-matched pink silk hose.
Spotless and bright, her pink lawn bonnet,

'Twould blind your eyes to look upon it.
With tasteful hand, she spread o'er all,
A white lace veil, and pink crepe shawl.
Then, thus arrayed, with glowing face,
And swelling heart, and stately pace,
She walked to church. She reached the door,
A quarter of an hour or more
Before the deep-toned village bell
Its solemn notes began to swell.
She entered in. No one was there.
Silent and still that house of prayer.
Pausing, she stood and mused awhile,
And then proceeded up the aisle.
She scarce was seated, when there came
Another, early as the dame.
She turned her head in pleasant mood,
Young Aaron Clark before her stood.
She blushed and smiled her sweetest smile,
Poor Aaron stood entranced the while.
Thrice he, in vain, essayed to speak,
Quick, burning blood flushed brow and cheek.
Reluctantly he turned away —
In sorrow spent the livelong day.
Cupid had pierced his ill-clad heart;
He writhed beneath the clinging dart.

A week that day, they met again,
But she with gladness, he with pain.
At afternoon, when church was over,

The sad, unhappy, mournful lover,
In gloomy mood, walked silent on,
While his dark fate he mused upon,
When, suddenly, he saw before him
A sight that sent a quick thrill o'er him,
His Betty — blithesome, "sonsie," gay,
In all her jewelled pink array.
"Now is the time," thought he, "now I
Will speak to her, I can but try."
He hastened on with rapid stride,
And soon was walking by her side.
But ah! to speak he vainly tried.
On — on — they walked, no word was spoken,
The solemn stillness all unbroken.
His mouth was dry and parched and now
Stood drops of anguish on his brow.
His trembling limbs began to fail —
He gasped for breath — 'twas no avail.
"There's no alternative," thought he,
"One of two things must surely be.
Only two paths before me lie,
For I must either speak, or — die!"
Just as he closed this rev'rie brief,
Fair Betty came to his relief.
With woman's tact she had divined
The thoughts then passing through his mind.
No foolish pride she weakly heeded,
Directly to the case proceeded,
In dulcet tones to him more sweet

Than cooling showers 'mid summer's heat,
Bliss, — rapture to his heart they carried.
"Pray, Mr. Clark, why ar'n't you married?"
He gasped out, though he scarce knew how,
"Why, none will take me, dear Miss Dow."
Again that voice, "so softly clear,
Fell gently on his ravished ear,"
"There's never a Jack without a Gill,
If one won't, another will."
His heart now felt a glimmering ray
Of hope; he knew not what to say.
A pause ensued, — an awkward pause, —
She added then another clause:
"Did'st ever try it, Aaron dear?"
"Alas, sweet Betty, for the fear
Of not succeeding, — no, ah! no."
Again he heard those accents low:
 "There's no denial,
 Without a trial."
Ah! Aaron's heart now leaped for joy,
Homefelt and deep, without alloy.
He grasped her hand, the die was cast,
The Rubicon was over-past.
He saw those deep-set, green-gray eyes
Upturned to his in sweet surprise
No more. Should I expose to sight
Young hearts, that hail Love's dawning light?
Should I intrude my stranger ear,
Love's mystic cadences to hear?

CANTO FIFTH.

The Wedding.

The happy day came on apace.
Young Betty stood, with smiling face,
Before the glass, arranged her tresses,
Put on the whitest of white dresses,
Becoming to her fair complexion,
And fitting with complete perfection.
And, to be dressed in full, she needs
Must don the silver ring and beads.
The breast-pin, too, one there might see,
In all its brazen brilliancy.
She deemed it then her bounden duty
To veil with lace her blushing beauty.
Thus in her bridal finery decked,
She stood before her lord elect.
He gazed at her and she at him,
For Aaron looked so nice and trim
She scarce believed it was himself,
But some mischievous goblin elf.
His broadcloth coat was black as jet;
His beaver hat was blacker yet;
Beneath its rim his eyes peeped out,
And half bewildered gazed about.
A collar with no mean pretensions,
Of most magnificent dimensions,
Screened by its snowy mammoth size
His modest head from peering eyes.

He cased his hands, brown, strong, and great,
In kids, the most immaculate ;
And then with gentlemanly ease,
Did Betty's hand with fervor seize.
Soon to the clergyman's they hied,
To have the hard knot duly tied.
Within the house they took their station,
With mingled joy and trepidation.
The parson then commenced the banns ;
He bade the party join right hands.
On Aaron's right Miss Betty stood,
" Ah ! this is wrong," thought she, " I should
Have been where Aaron is, and he
Have had this place instead of me."
Then in a trice the gentle bride
Stepped over on the other side.
But ah ! the matter was not mended,
The puzzle was by no means ended.
His hand was wrong, now hers was right,
So back again she took her flight.
Still on her brain no friendly gleam
Of Ingenuity's sun-beam
Suggested, just her hand to cross,
And so the trouble would be lost.
The bridegroom gazed, with wondering face,
But could not the dark labyrinth trace.
Ah ! yes, he could ! a ray of light
Shot suddenly across the night !

The right thought struck his precious head.
"Here ! Betty, here !" he quickly said,
Forgetting in his joyful haste
The circumstance of time and place.
The difficulty now was o'er,
And Betty breathed again once more.
The ceremony then went on,
The happy twain were soon made one.
Their griefs no more, their troubles past,
For Hymen's cord now bound them fast.
Will not all give congratulation,
For this so blissful consummation ?

Farewell, farewell ! O happy pair !
Long may the Fates in mercy spare
Your happiness ; and may your name
Descend in laurel wreaths of fame,
The glory of your world-praised nation,
Throughout the lapse of Time's duration !
Blessed, thrice blessed, be the life
Of Aaron Clark, Esquire, and Wife.

JUNE, 1850.

"LITTLE KATY"

MEEKLY in her life's glad spring-time
Hath she laid her down to rest ;
Folded are the white hands gently
On the still untroubled breast ;
On the pale and pulseless forehead
Clustering locks all damply lie ;
Beams no light of love and gladness
From the ever closed eye.

Softly over hill and valley
Steals the fragrant southern breeze,
Whispering with a low-voiced sadness
To the gloomy forest trees ;
On the hillside and the meadow
Where the clouds their shadows fling,
By the broad, blue-rolling river
Stands the warmly smiling spring.

But her lightly-bounding footstep
Presseth not the velvet earth ;
Through the lonely halls resoundeth
Nevermore her tone of mirth.
In the charmed household circle,
Which her love hath blessed so long,
Meet ye not her kindly welcome,
Hear ye not her joyous song.

Let the bright eye and the sunny,
 Weep the eye forever dim ;
Let the red lips for the pallid
 Breathe a mournful requiem ;
Let the heart with life-blood throbbing,
 Mourn the heart beneath the sod ;
But let fall no tear of sorrow
 For the soul gone up to God.

Gone in youth and love and beauty,
 To the mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest ;
Ere the cup of life was mingled
 With the wormwood and the gall,
Ere the joys of life were withered
 Like the autumn leaves in fall.

“Gone before us,” “little Katy,”
 Through the Jordan’s swelling stream,
To the land of light and glory,
 From this land of doubt and dream.
“Gone before us,” “little Katy,”
 Through the portals of the skies,
“Dead thou art not, but departed,
 For the spirit never dies.”

“Little Katy,” for a moment
Canst thou leave the realms of day ?
From the Saviour’s marrèd visage,
Canst thou ever turn away ?
From the choral band of angels,
Can thy harp be laid aside ?
Then, dear Katy, may we wait thee
At the quiet evening tide ?

Meet us when the morning blusheth
O’er the everlasting hills ;
Meet us when the sunlight danceth
In the thousand mountain rills.
Though our eyes may not behold thee
In thy robes of spotless white,
Be thy spirit near us guiding
Ever onward to the right.

And when Earth from us recedeth,
Shrinking back from Death’s alarms,
Gently laid beneath us also
Be the everlasting arms.
Safely passed into the Heavens
Shall thy song and ours be one,
Glory be to God the Father
And the ever blessed Son.
God the Spirit — God the Son.

APRIL 26, 1853.

DITHYRAMBIC

NEVER, believe me, come the Gods,
Never alone.

 Welcome I Bacchus, the God of joy,
And in comes Cupid, the laughing boy,
With Phoebus, of gold locks and silvery tone.
They come; they come;
They are thronging into my earthly hall.

Say how shall I feast you, I, the earth-born,
Heavenly band?
O give me the boon of immortal life!
With Gods can the death-doomed win in strife?
Waft me away to that far-off land!
Heaven alone can fill my soul —
Let me quaff the nectar, reach hither the bowl.

Pass thither the bowl; be it crowned for the Poet
Hebe, alone.
Let his eyes be enclouded with heavenly dew,
That the thrice fearful Stygian meet not his view,
That he think himself one of our own.
It ripples, it sparkles, that fountain of light —
The heart grows calm — the dimmed eye bright.
From the German of Schiller. 1853.

THE YOUTH AT THE FOUNTAIN

I N the sunny gleam of the fountain,
The youth his chaplet laves,
And he sees it hurried seaward
In the dance of the wanton waves.
And so are my young days passing,
Like the streamlet restless on,
And so is my fresh youth fading,
Like the wreath, and as quickly gone.

Ask not why I pass in sadness
The hours of festive mirth ;
There is joy and hope around me
When spring bounds o'er the earth ;
But the thousand voiced Nature
Calls forth no answering tone ;
It wakes in my lonely bosom
The notes of sorrow alone.

What hath the young spring proffered
That I should join in the glee ?
One only gift I sought for,
It is near yet far from me.
With outstretched arms, the phantom
I would clasp to my yearning breast.
Alas ! they encircle it never ;
For my weary heart no rest.

Come hither, O beautiful maiden ;
Forsake thy lordly home ;
I will scatter flowers in thy pathway
Wherever thy feet may roam ;
With songs are the woods resounding ;
Their chorus the waters swell ;
There is room in the smallest cottage
For loving hearts to dwell.

German of Schiller. 1853.

HOPE

MEN talk and dream of that better land
Home of our weary race —
On to a glowing sunlit goal
They lead the eager chase.
The world grows old and young again
Yet man hopes on mid toil and pain.

Hope beckoneth out to earnest life —
It hovers round the boy —
Its magic glimmer lures the youth
And makes the old man's joy —
Life, to the grave, he yieldeth up —
Yet on that grave he planteth hope.

'Tis not a phantom of the brain,
Sick of this ceaseless strife :
It ringeth in the inmost heart
Born for a higher life.
And what that inner voice hath taught
The hoping soul deceiveth not.

German of Schiller. 1853.

FROM THE GERMAN

I GIVE you the world, cried the King of the Gods
From the heights of Olympus' throne,
To the children of men, bear it hence away,
For the world shall be your own.
I transfer it to you an inheritance,
The deed shall be ever good,
Yet see that ye quarrel not for your shares,
But divide it as brothers should.

Whoever had hands hurried breathless then
To grasp the glittering pelf.
They were equally busy, young and old,
Each to enrich himself.
The farmer rushed for the teeming fields
Waving with golden corn ;
While the fiery youth blew through the woods
The blast of his bugle horn.

Huge coffers, heavy with yellow gold —
Jewels and silk and lace
Fluttered before the merchant's eyes
As he started upon the chase.
The abbot was fired with a kindred zeal
To collect the last year's wine,
While the king barricaded bridges and streets
And declared : The tenth part is mine.

But when the division was quite complete
And filled was each grasping hand,
The poet came with a dust-stained robe
From a far-away unknown land.
But alas ! alas ! he was just too late,
The inheritance all was gone,
Each waving acre had found a lord —
For the luckless bard, not one.

Ah me ! forgotten am I alone,
The son of thy warmest love ?
Wailed the ill-starred poet with bitter lament,
As he knelt at the feet of Jove.
Why tarriest thou in the land of dreams ?
Spake the God, yet blame not me.
Where went thou when the earth was shared ?
I was, said the poet, with thee.

My eyes were gazing upon thy face
As I knelt in silence here,
And the ravishing notes of immortal song
Melted upon my ear.
Oh! pardon thy child in the throng of the Gods
Forgetting his mortal birth,
If drunk with thy glory he loitered behind
And lost the treasures of earth.

Ah, what shall be done, cried compassionate Jove,
Though I would not say thee nay,
Yet the harvest, the chase, and the market are gone,
The world is given away.
I will grant thee a better than earthly boon,
A dwelling in heaven with me ;
Whenever thy footsteps shall hitherward tend
Its portals are open to thee.

1853.

THE MYSTERIOUS MAIDEN

IN a valley, with the shepherds,
At the bloom of each young year,
When the larks their spring notes warbled,
Walked a maiden wondrous fair.

Born without the quiet valley,
Never knew they whence she came ;
Often though they gave her greeting,
None could tell the maiden's name.

Yet her parting footfall ever
O'er their hearts a shadow threw;
Tones of more than mortal sweetness.
Bore the maiden's fond adieu.

Blessing-breathing was her presence
At the hush of twilight hour;
Tottering age or gold-tressed childhood
Felt alike her gentle power.

Yet a sweet and solemn sadness
On her fair young face they saw,
And her fragile form invested
With a strange unwonted awe.

Flowers and fruits she ever carried
Ripened in another land,
By the warmth of other sunbeams
From a kinder Nature's hand.

Lavishly her gifts bestowing
None were passed unnoticed o'er,
Flowers or fruits to man and maiden,
All partook her bounteous store.

Welcome every guest was to her,
But for any loving pair
Were her choicest gifts selected,
Richest fruits and flowers most fair.

From the German. 1853.

SEHN-SUCHT

FROM out this lowly vale
O'er which the gray clouds hover,
How blessed were my lot
Could I a path discover.
I see yon virgin hills
Forever fresh and blooming;
O for an eagle's wings
To bear me through the gloaming.

I hear celestial tones
From seraph lips outtringing.
Soft breezes are to me
The breath of spices bringing;
I see the golden fruits
Blink through the dark green masses —
The flowers o'er whose young heads
No wintry tempest passes.

Thrice happy they who dwell
Where yon sun ever shineth,
Where soft airs kiss the hills,
For which my spirit pineth.
But woe is me — I hear
The roaring of the river,
Whose black waves dash against my soul,
Forever and forever.

The only skiff I see,
Alas, no helmsman beareth.
Yet hope! Its sails are spread
Full safe for him who dareth.
Thou must have faith; for Jove
Will hurl no prescient thunder;
Nought but a wonder bears thee
On to the land of wonder.

SCHILLER.

HARTFORD, CONN., April 22, 1854.

MIDNIGHT

SILENTLY in
Floats the balmy air,
Gently lifts her wavy hair,
Daintily in soft caresses
Dallieth mid the golden tresses
Of my darling, as she lies
With the delicate lids low drooping
Wearily over her radiant eyes —
Dreaming brightly
She reposes
Touch her lightly
Breath of roses.

Silently in
Melt the silver beams,
Web and woof of youthful dreams,

With a liquid glory now
Bathing all her holy brow,
Gleaming from each dreamy fold
Of enwreathing pliant gold,
Flashing many a regal gem,
Crowning with a diadem
All the beauty breathing there,
Calmly, stilly, resting then.

Dreaming airily,
Angels seeming
Crown her fairily
Golden gleaming.

Silently in
Once a girlish tread
Glided through the ghostly dread
And twilight chambers, where the pall
Of my dead hopes o'er-shrouded all,
Where my soul, unjoyous lord,
Where my soul kept watch and ward,
Where my heart lay stiff and cold
In the cerements' clammy fold,
Guileless or of shame or sin,
Lightly tripped the maiden in —
Thrilled, subdued, in homage meet
Bowed my stern soul at her feet.
From that mouldering charnel hall
Vanished the funereal pall,

Like the mist of morning skies
In the sunlight of her eyes —
At the incense of her breath
Rending off the bands of death,
With one pang of mortal strife,
Forth my heart leaped into life,
Knelt in reverence down to her
As beseems a worshipper —
Now a humble genial soul —
Now a heart by her made whole —
Pour the red and humid wine,
Crown the chalice at a shrine
That is only not divine —
Breath of even
Fan her lightly,
Sheen of Heaven
Crown her brightly.

MAY, 1854.

RESOLUTION

I T is done. My bowed spirit hath risen amain,
Hath conquered her weakness, hath riven her
chain —
I gaze on your beauty, but bend not the knee —
Not a pulse stirs more wildly, I am free ! I am free !

Yet the rose on your cheek hath lost none of its
bloom,
That brow is undarkened by shadow of gloom,
On the blue eye and red lip the smile is as bright
As when I first basked in its unchanging light.

It is in my own soul such a change hath been
wrought
That I calmly look on — a nerve quivereth not —
And I breathe but a sigh that a form so divine
Should embody a spirit ignoble as thine.

You mistook me — you thought I was one of the
crowd
That down at your altar adoringly bowed —
For whom life had no higher or holier aim,
Who cared not for duty — who recked not of fame.

True : Passion for one little hour held control,
And its tide swept resistlessly over my soul —
The sword of my strength was corroded with rust,
And the robes of my manhood were trailed in the
dust.

But not thus was the greenness of life to be blighted,
Your own hand quenched the flame which the same
hand had lighted,
The face and the form are surpassingly fair,
The crown and the glory — the soul — is not there.

And thus when your heart lent indifferent ear
To the tale that your vanity panted to hear,
You did me good service, my lady, I trow.
I shall be to you never less grateful than now.

For you broke me the spell, I awaked to new life,
I am strong for endurance and action and strife;
I have sworn to embody a worthier part,
I am sterner of soul, I am braver of heart.

I bid you farewell then forever and ever;
I have launched my good barque on the waves of
Life's river,
It shall mount every billow that rears its white
crest
From the gray of the East to the purple-flecked
West.

And if, gentle lady, the swift-footed years
Shall bring, *as they shall*, my name to your ears,
If a chaplet of laurel encircle the brow
That ever flushed for you, but is marble cold now,

Remember, I pray, that the garland you view
Caught its first glowing freshness and verdure from
you,
That in your heartless words and the smile of your
scorn
The impulse that led me to glory was born.

MORNING

L YING on my white couch
In the early day,
Through the open casement
I hear the breezes play.

Quiet little greetings
To the dewy morn,
From each timid leaflet
Quiveringly upborne,

Rustling through the grape vines
Twined to mystic shapes,
Stirring all the clusters
Of the purple grapes.

In the golden sunlight
On my chamber floor,
Lo the shadows flitting,
Flitting evermore.

Falling on the wainscot
Brown and worn and old,
Wrought by fairy sunbeams
Into burnished gold.

Bathed in softened splendor
Lies the antique room,
"Fairy sunbeams" chasing
Far the midnight gloom.

All the velvet cushion
Whence upriseth prayer,
Wreathing with a halo
Of impurpled air.

Resting on the Christ-head
With a solemn light,
Mysteries revealing
Shrouded erst in night.

Jesu! God-Man! pity.
On my anguish wild,
Turn thy face benignant
To thy suffering child.

Still the fiery surgings
Of my tortured soul,
Sorrow-tossed and sin-stained,
Make me pure and whole.

• So the morning walketh
Gloriously forth,
Breathing fragrant incense
From the grateful earth.

Thou too from thy slumbers
Wake, O spirit mine,
Gather up thy garments,
Show a life divine.

Weak Despair, Avaunt!
Thou hast held me long,
Leaps my soul defiant,
I am strong ! am strong.

ALONE

MOANING, sobbing, howling, shrieking
Sweeps the night-wind by,
Fearful wailings, fierce contendings
In the wrathful sky ;
But within the fire-light, reckless
Of the wreathing snow,
Flitteth, danceth, leapeth, setteth
All the room aglow.

Yet in vain the airy prancing
Of the rosy light,
Vain to keep the brooding shadows
Off my heart to-night,
Heeding not at all the beauty
Which it loveth best,
But the writhings of the storm-god
In his wild unrest.

So my soul takes up the wailing,
And my eyes are dimmed,
Thinking of the hopes that flourished
When Life's cup was brimmed,
Thinking of the dew-wet garlands
That entwined my brow,
Thinking of the desolation
That enshrouds it now.

Oh, the bliss ! the thrill — the madness
Of my early dreaming !
Oh, the brilliance of that sunlight
O'er my pathway streaming !
Oh, the weary, hopeless aching !
Oh, the dull hard sorrow,
Shrouding the relentless Present,
Shadowing the morrow.

In yon village church-yard resteth
Many a weary sleeper ;
But my heart outnumbereth all,
And its graves are deeper.
They shall yet with life immortal
Up to glory soar,
Glide *my* buried through Death's portal
Never, never more.

And on, still on, the great world goeth,
Sparing not my pain,
Treading on my quivering heart-strings
With a calm disdain,
Crushing all my fairy fancies,
Scorning my appealing,
Mocking at my agony
For its stern revealings.
And is this life? O God in heaven,
Hear my earnest prayer,
In the darkness lost, bewildered,
Groping everywhere.

DEC. 23, 1854.

SHADOWS

DOWN the long lane with slow footfall
I saw him go;
Above his pale brow, pale moon-beams;
Beneath, the snow.

Deep into the old oaks' broad shadow
His pathway led,
And their bare old arms they tossed wildly
Above his head.

But he passed out from the old oaks' shadow
Unscathed and free,
Out into the flooding moonlight
Away from me.

Then a shadow settled down on my heart
 From the still air ;
 Deeper, darker, than the old oaks' shadow,
It resteth there.

FEB. 26, 1855.

“MAN GOETH TO THE GRAVE AND WHERE
 IS HE ?”

DIM — dim — dim—
 “The love-light of fond eyes”
 A warmer gleam than ever beamed
 From balmy Southern skies.

Cold — cold — cold —
 Lips, red as ruby wine.
 As dew-drop on the lily's cup,
 So pressed those lips to mine.

Still — still — still —
 The music of a tone
 Whose softest cadence thrilled my soul
 With sweetness all its own.

Dust — dust — dust —
 An earnest throbbing heart,
 Whose pulses waked a bliss naught else
 Can evermore impart.

Gone — gone — gone —
 Over the silent river,
 Home, hope, and heart — light, love, and life —
 Forever and forever.

And what is left to me ?
 A tress of sunny hair,
 A dark, dark earth — a cold, cold sky —
 A memory — and — despair !

HARTFORD, CONN., April 14, 1855.

TO —

○ MANDA, watching with the stars to-night,
 Sad memories throned the chambers of my
 soul.

The Past is shadowy with uncertain light,
 The Future beckoneth to a nameless goal.
 The ancient land-marks which my fathers set
 Are vanishing in darkness one by one ;
 Fierce clouds in stern and gloomy grandeur met,
 Are gathering blackness round my morning sun.

The early loved of girlhood's thoughtless hours
 Are far and farther evermore from me —
 Some in their dark hair wreathed orange flowers,
 And some with white lips twined anemone —

And now, O Manda, twining once again,
 To thy dear face, I feel mine own grow pale,
 My heart throbs heavily with sudden pain,
 I cannot see thee for a bridal veil —
 It floateth round thee like a mountain mist
 Coming between us two forevermore ;
 I know it, turn I wheresoe'er I list,
 Thy love for me is not the love of yore —
 I cannot ask it, for it may not be —
 It trembleth on thy lips, full warm for him ;
 Thy hushed face, calm for very joy I see
 His cup of bliss is sparkling to the brim —
 My shut lips I can keep — my eyes, perforce, grow
 dim.

Forgive me, Manda, friend, I would not throw
 One shadow o'er the path thy feet shall press ;
 I will dream calmly of the long ago,
 And haply of thy future happiness.
 Forgive me, Manda, for this soothless strain ;
 Thy soul-harp, touched by my unskilful fingers,
 Perchance hath wrought in thee a silent pain —
 If on the chords one quivering note still lingers,
 Forget it. Give to me no second thought —
 Or, but a second — ah ! not quite forgot !
 Yet always mindful of his claims, who waits thy marriage vows,
 I only crave a lesser love to crown my lesser brows.

TO —

THEY brought him a chalice of wroughten gold
And brimmed it with southern wine —
Pressed by the dark-eyed Doric girl
From the fruit of the Cyprian vine.
The delicate leaf of a snow-white rose
He dropped on its glowing breast —
It fluttered and swayed in the fragrant air,
Then sank to its ruby rest.
But the goblet's brim of wroughten gold
No drop did overflow
So gently the Cyprian wine upbore
The rose-leaf, white as snow.

Thy heart, O friend, is full of love to-night,
All quivering with its overweight of bliss,
Yet mindful of the Past's evanished light ;
I humbly, Hawthorne, dare implore thee this —
That as I lowly kneel before thy shrine,
And unto thee my grateful tribute bring,
Thou will not spurn from thee this heart of mine,
But kindly take the simple offering.
So shall my love lie lightly upon thine,
Like snow-white rose-leaf on the Cyprian wine.

FOR JUNE 20, 1855,
HARTFORD, CONN.

WHAT IT MEANT

HE gave me a knife one day at school,
 Four-bladed, the handle of pearl,
 And great black words on the wrapper said,
 "For the darlindest little girl."
 So happy — oh, yes — yet the crimson blood
 To my young cheek came and went,
 And my heart thumped wondrously pit-a-pat,
 But I didn't know what it meant.

One night he said I must jump on his sled,
 For the snow was falling fast;
 I was half afraid, but he coaxed and coaxed,
 And he got me on at last —
 Laughing and chatting in merry glee,
 To my home his course he bent,
 And my sisters looked at each other and smiled,
 But I didn't know what it meant.

The years passed on, and they touched his eye
 With a shadow of deeper blue;
 They gave to his form a manlier grace,
 To his cheek a swarthier hue;
 We stood by the dreamily rippling brook
 When the day was nearly spent —
 His whispers were soft as the lullaby,
 And — *now I know what it meant!*

MAY, 1855.

"NOT ALL A DREAM"

GOD bless the barque! with eager heart
I launched it on the tide,
In new-born life exultant — proud,
It flung the spray aside.
Its banners streamed — its white sails gleamed,
Its spars were all a-quiver,
As freighted with my young hope it passed
Right royally down the river.

I knew its sides were the fleeciness
That floats in the summer cloud;
I knew that the spider's matchless skill
Had woven each silken shroud;
I knew that the snowy swelling sails
From the lily's cup were given,
And the colors that swayed so aerily,
From the bow that encircles Heaven.

But the river was blue as blue could be,
Blue was the summer sky,
And calm as the rippleless lake of light
That sleeps in a baby's eye.
The breeze just kissed the billowy sail,
Then hushed its murmuring breath,
And the fairy barque moved so statelily,
Was there aught to betoken death?

Woe — woe is me ! the wind grows chill,
 The sky looks dull and gray,
 The water is black beneath the prows,
 And icy cold the spray ;
 The white-capped waves are dashing on
 In maniac madness foaming —
 What loometh there above the waves
 So shadowy in the gloaming !

O cloud-wrought barque ! O ill-starred barque !
 Against the black rocks driven !
 O wild, wild wail of agony
 Up-piercing unto Heaven !
 O pitiless waves ! O demon waves !
 Are ye rioting in my woe ?
 Ye have swept my hopes, my beautiful hopes,
 To the coral groves below.

O coral groves ! Give up your dead
 Beneath the sounding sea.
 They are stiff and stark — they are naught to you —
 They were more than life to me.
 In vain ! the coral groves are deaf
 To all but the ocean's roar —
 My cloud-wrought barque — my fair young hopes
 Come back to me no more.

HARTFORD, CONN., July 2, 1855.

THE RAIN

THE rain, the rain, the beautiful rain !
How dreamily it falls —
Murmuring 'mid the leafiness
That drapes our brown old walls —
Cooling the grateful moss on the rocks
And the little daisies beside them,
Trickling into the shady nooks
Where violets love to hide them —
Pattering on the dusty roofs,
That were shrivelled and cracked with heat —
Bubbling in yellow little pools
For scores of little feet —
Drooping the hare-bell's purple cup —
Opening the buds of the roses —
Leaving the coolness of summer dew
In the bosom of all the posies —
Tinkling amid the great broad leaves
Of the quivering tremulous vine —
Dashing adown each delicate stem
Marking a silver line —
Poising on every leaf and bud
That sways in the summer air —
Scattering pearls of crystal light
Merrily everywhere.

The trailing garments of the night
 Sweep through her marble halls,
 And the rain — the rain — the beautiful rain !
 How dreamily it falls.

HARTFORD, CONN., July, 1855.

TO — *YOU!* IF YOU UNDERSTAND THEM

R OSES budding and blushing
 When “the skies are ashen and sober” —
 June’s young fingers wreathing
 The brows of the swart October —
 The dewy light of the morning
 Gilding the evening hours —
 Age bright with the smiles of life’s dawning,
 So whisper to me your flowers.

Childhood’s mysterious slumbers
 Wonderful, dreamy, deep —
 Before the gaunt fingers of Care
 Have plucked at the robes of Sleep —
 Faint notes of a distant lyre
 Struck by an unseen hand —
 Vaguely remembered journeyings
 Into a far-off land —
 Over the sunset hills,
 Over the ocean billow —
 Such are their whispers to me —
 The rose-buds you strewed on my pillow.

I accept the omen and pray
That their warm and roseate hue
May be but a beautiful symbol
Of the future that waiteth for you —
That their purity, sweetness, and fragrance
May circle your life till it closes —
And we trace out your path to the heavens,
My love, by the scent of the roses.

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 19, 1855.

TO AGNES O'BRIEN

WITH THE "PLYMOUTH COLLECTION"

AS the blind old Bard of Briton's Isle
Erst sung to the throngs of men
How once at the gates of Paradise
Stood poor "auld Nickie-Ben,"
And gazed at the passing happiness
Of the first and sinless pair,
And half repented him to destroy
The bliss he might not share —
So I, though never a tuneful note
Rolled over my cragged tongue,
Cannot choose but bless in my heart, Agnes,
Thy glorious gift of song.

I pray not that the years should pass
 Unnoticed o'er thy brow,
That the burden of life may never weigh
 More heavily than now.
'Twere wishing the pulse of a selfish heart,
 Or the sloth of a sluggard brain,
For the thoughtless joy of thy childhood's hours
 May never return again,
And the mind that thinks and the heart that feels
 Bears ever a secret pain,
We *must* pass from the mystery of to-day
 With a pang of nameless sorrow
Into the greater mystery
 Of the unrevealed to-morrow.

Nor do I pray that thy onward way
 Demand no earnest toil,
For how can he reap in the harvest time
 Who has never prepared the soil ?
Or the cry of a wailing world be hushed
 By sitting in silence down ?
Or they who have never borne the cross
 Be fitted to wear the crown ?
Nay, thy life shall wane, thy light grow dim
 If thy soul at ease reposes,
For the stout of heart and the strong of limb
 Rest not on a bed of roses.

But I pray, Agnes, that thy life may flow
 Harmoniously along
Like the grand and perfect symphony
 Of a noble and stirring song ;
That thine earnest work and thine earnest rest
 Thy joy and thy woe may be
Commingled into a choral tide
 Of spirit-full melody ;
That thy voice attuned 'mid many tears
 In the darkness of earth's long even
May ring out with the rapture of new-found bliss
 In the dawn of a glorious heaven.

HARTFORD, CONN., Dec. 31, 1855.

TO THE REV. MR. B.

WHO SENT ME A CARD—CASE MADE OF OLIVE—WOOD
FROM JERUSALEM

I DREAM of a beautiful far-off land
 Bathed in a purple glory.
Of sculptured grotto and golden fane
 Embalmed in song and story.
The fragrant breath of her summer-tide
 Just stirreth the tremulous vine,
And the life asleep on her hazy hills
 Sparkles in blood-red wine.

Anon the notes of a distant lute,
 Swept by the hand of her dark-browed daughters,
 Floated to me from her lattice bowers
 Over the still and moonlit waters.

I dream again — and the silent years
 Like a snow wreath melt away,
 And the long dead Past is before me, quick
 With the gloomy life of to-day.
 A weary earth lies faint and parched
 In the clasp of the fiery sun, —
 I see in the shade of the olive trees
 The form of the Holy One!
 O Christ! O God! In thy lowliness
 Bearing a weight of woe,
 Which mortals may never never feel,
 Which only *a God* can know.

And dreaming thus — I dream of thee
 As verily it beseems,
 Who wove me the magic spell whereby
 I behold all beautiful dreams;
 Who tinted my cold and wintry sky
 With the warmth of Orient gleams —
 Ah! priceless boon! Can a surer pledge
 Of friendship be ever given
 Than to twine the thoughts of the loved on Earth
 With the Christ we love in Heaven?

HARTFORD, CONN., Jan. 4, 1856.

VALE ET SALVE

MAY mornings! May mornings!
We bid you good-by.
You spread us the blue
Of our soft-smiling sky.
Wove garlands of green
For the wakening earth,
And kissed the young buds
Into full blossom birth.
New balm in the breezes,
New light on the river —
May mornings, May mornings,
We bless you forever.

But there breathes through our blessings
A sad farewell
Like the mournful tones
Of a silver bell.
You pass in your glory
Of greeting away.
With singing and dancing,
We welcome you, May!
With a pain at the heart
And a tear in the eye,
May mornings, May mornings,
We bid you good-by.

June roses, June roses !
 Say where do ye tarry ?
See ye not little feet
 And young eyes growing weary,
Weary with waiting
 And watching for you ?
Come smile in the sunshine,
 Come weep in the dew.
Hark ! the low voice
 Of the soft south breeze
Up in the tops
 Of the tall pine trees.
She has tales to tell
 Of a far-off land
Where the sweet-scented orange groves
 White-vestured stand.
And see ! in her breath,
 How the old earth rejoices
And answers her back
 With a thousand voices.
Out on the hillside
 The young lambs are flinging,
All the apple blooms
 Thrill with gay singing.

Brooks ripple down
 With a musical laughter,
And bare little feet trip on
 Noiselessly after.

Poised in the clover-tops
Honey-bees murmur,
And lo! on the meadow
The olive-browed Summer!
O fairest and best
Of the gifts of the year,
June roses, June roses!
We welcome you here.

JUNE 3, 1856.

VALE ET SALVE AGAIN!

FRAGRANTLY, softly as
Lily cup closes
Faded away from us
Bright month of roses.

Throbbing stars, glowing stars,
Gaze we at even,
From the low-latticed porch
Up into heaven;
Cheerily chirpeth the
Cricket his trill,
Unto the listening air
Solemn and still;
Dewy and liquid the
Breath of the night,
Placid and holy
The moon's tender light;

The Shadowy Spirit
 Of Summer draws nigh
 And sets her fair crown
 On the brow of July.

We bend in the hush of this
 Beautiful hour,
 Unto the spell of her
 Magical power,
 Knowing the beauty and
 Glory are given
 From the dear Father
 Who dwelleth in Heaven.

Queen of the Summer,
 Queen of the Year,
 Hold forth thy sceptre,
 The kingdom is here.

AILANTHÈ

I N this valley of shadows a maiden walketh —
 Her delicate feet press the sweet-scented clover —
 Her feet brush the webs from the purple clover
 When she cometh to meet me, and I am her lover.

Sweeter her breath than the new-mown hay —
 Lighter her tread than the snow-flake's fall —
 Thus you may know when she cometh this way,
 And I am the master and lord of all.

Ye may know by the ripples of shining hair
That swell to the zephyrs' viewless touch,
Floating a moment in golden air,
Then gently sink to their rest again —

Beautiful ripples — beautiful rest.
And this shower of quivering, fluttering gold
May freely fall down my tranquil breast —
May dance into forms of grace untold,
But only for me shall their glory unfold —
My cheek and none other shall feel their caresses,
My lips and none other shall press the soft tresses —
My fingers, none others, may carelessly twine —
They are mine! They are mine!

Ye may know by the light of her luminous eyes —
Nay — for they never will shine on you —
Veiled from you by the blue-veined lids —
Shaded from you by the sweeping lashes,

Downcast under a stranger's gaze —
Veiled and shaded, ah! you should see
How they sparkle and glow for me!
Sometimes dimmed by a tearful haze,
When she listeneth tales of woe,
But never so dimmed but love for me
Ever and ever shineth through!

When "the sun looketh forth from the halls of the
morning"

Ye may watch for her foot-fall among the flowers.

She loveth the rosy, dewy hours
 That bear up the train of the regal dawning —
 She loveth the warm and purple rim
 Of the cold and gray and eastern cloud
 Floating in seas of liquid fire.
 She loveth the happy choral hymn
 Of the birds in the meadow and woodland and grove
 Soaring upward higher and higher
 Into that sea of crimson fire,
 Into the great immensity.

The murmuring winds have a tone for her
 Whispering unto the forest pines :
 Loud in joyousness, hushed through fears
 Low and soft and laden with tears,
 Like the many-voiced lutes of far Stamboul
 Swept by the hands of her captive daughters,
 Wafting the lays of their mountain homes,
 Over the still and moonlit waters.

I whisper love when I whisper "Ailanthé."
 O life-giving name ! O draught of Nepenthe,
 For all the world bringeth of sorrow and dole !
 Visions of beauty around me are springing,
 Voices of music are ceaselessly ringing,
 Surges of harmony beating the shore,
 Whereon sitteth my regnant soul
 Crownèd a monarch forevermore.

JULY, 1856.

POPPING THE QUESTION

UNDER the broad spreading buttonwood tree
We sat — my love and I.
In green and gold the Earth lay bathed,
In purple and gold the sky.
O matchless sheen of a fairy queen!
O rarer than Tyrian dye!

But dim was the splendor of Earth and Heaven
And pale and cold to see,
For the beauty breathing by my side
Under the buttonwood tree —
So I gazed on the grace of her dimpled face,
But she — gazed never at me.

Measured words of love or trust
Never my lips had spoken,
But could she not gauge with her woman's eye
The depth of a silent token?
But if it be so I shall never know;
This silence *must* be broken.

And my heart grew faint with ecstatic pain
That was neither joy nor fear,
And an eager impulse leaped into life
My coming fate to hear —
The marriage bell or the funeral knell,
It shall be now and here!

Then her quiet hands I grasped in mine
 With a fierce and sudden start,
I pressed them against my throbbing brow,
 Her heart to my throbbing heart,
And I said, "My love, by the angels above,
 Thus, thus, we will never part!"

A dove of peace to my baffled life
 An angel taking rest
One moment whose memory never shall fade,
 She lay on my eager breast;
Then I loosèd hold of my blissful fold
 And waited for her behest.

I could feel the shock of her startled soul
 Surprised at its secret shrine,
By the sudden flood of light inpoured
 From this passionate heart of mine.
Thrice happy hour that gave such power,
 Such dream of bliss divine.

I waited in tremulous silence the breath
 That should bring to my listening ear
The words for which I had longed and prayed,
 But ever despaired to hear.
And I drew her face in a wild embrace,
 Nearer again and near.

The white lips moved — the dear head drooped,
Under mine the sweet eyes fell.

“Dost thou love me, darling? Speak, speak thy
love,

Thou knowest mine own full well.”

A tear and a smile strove together the while,

“ I do, but I cannot tell.”

SEPT. 14, 1856.

A BATTLE SONG FOR FREEDOM

MEN of action! Men of might!
Stern Defenders of the right!
Are you girded for the fight?

Have you marked and trenched the ground
Where the din of arms must sound
Ere the victor can be crowned?

Have you guarded well the coast,
Have you marshalled all your host,
Standeth each man at his post?

Have you counted up the cost,
What is gained and what is lost,
When the foe your lines have crost?

Gained — the infamy of fame,
Gained — a dastard's deathless name,
Gained — eternity of shame !

Lost — desert of manly worth,
Lost — the right you had by birth,
Lost — lost ! *Freedom for the Earth !*

Freemen ! Up ! The foe is nearing !
Haughty banners high uprearing !
Lo ! their serried ranks appearing !

Freemen ! On ! The drums are beating,
Will you shrink from such a meeting ?
Forward ! Give them hero greeting !

From your hearths and homes and altars,
Backward hurl your proud assaulters,
He is not a man that falters.

Hush ! the hour of fate is nigh
By the God who dwells on high,
O my brothers, do or die.

Oct. 25, 1856.

[FOR THE HOME JOURNAL]

ARCHIE DEAN

By Jenny Marsh Parker

WOULD you laugh, or would you cry ?
Would you break your heart and die,
If you had a dashing lover
Like my handsome Archie Dean —
And he should forget his vowings
By the moon, and stars, and sun,
To love you forever more —
And should go to Kitty Carrol —
Who has money, so they say —
And with eyes love filled as ever,
Win her heart, that's like a feather,
Vowing all he had before ?
Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
And grow very sad, and die ?

Always in the old romances
That dear Archie read to me —
Those that pleased my girlish fancies —
There was ever sure to be
One sweet maiden with a lover
That was never, never true —
And when they were widely parted,
Then she drooped, poor broken-hearted !
And did break with grief at last,
Like a lily in the blast.

Say, would you,
 If you were me ?
 Sure, I do love Archie Dean,
 Love him, love him, oh, how true —
 But just see, my eyes are bright,
 And my lips and cheeks are red
 (Archie put that in my head),
 And I don't know what to do —
 Whether to lie down and weep,
 Weep and weep, weep and weep —
 Till the red is faded out,
 And my eyes are dull and dim,
 May be *blind*, and all for him —
 I could do it, I've no doubt —
 Or loop up my jetty hair
 With the brightest knots of ribbon,
 And the very sweetest roses,
 And go to the village fair,
 Where he'll be with Kitty Carrol,
 And will see me dance the wildest
 And will hear me speak the mildest
 With some bonny lad that's there,
Just to show him all I care.

Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
 'Tis the prettiest name I know ;
 It is writ on my heart, but over it now
 Is drifting the cold, cold snow.
 Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !

There is pain in my breast while I speak —
 I wonder if always the thought of your name
 Will make me so saddened and weak ?
 Archie Dean ! Archie Dean !
 I remember that once you said
 Your name should be mine, and that I should be
 The happiest bride ever wed.
 I little thought then of a day like this,
 When I could wish I were dead.

ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 27, 1878.

To "*Gail Hamilton*":

.
 But there is a poem of yours, a merry rhythmic love-story,
 published some ten years ago in the "*Prairie Farmer*" of Chi-
 cago, entitled "*Archie Dean*." I was a boy in my "teens"
 when I read it, and gave my paper containing it to a fair girl
 who might have sung :

"But just see; my eyes are blue,
 And my lips and cheeks are red
 (Archie put that in my head)."

.
 Now, I write to ask you for a copy of "*Archie Dean*," or for
 information as to how I can obtain it. I have three pretty
 little imps of daughters dancing about the fireside as I write,
 for whom I wish to preserve the poem as a charmingly recited
 episode in the days of courtship of a sweet coquette. Your
 kind attention will oblige

Very truly yours,

SAM'L A. E——.

WHAT YOU'D BETTER DO, JENNY MARSH

BREAK your heart for Archie Dean,
 Jenny Marsh, Jenny Marsh
 Break your heart for Archie Dean,
 Not a bit !

'Tis the very thing he's after ;
 He would say to Kitty Carrol
 With a careless, mocking laughter :
 Here's a pretty little chit
 Who has died for love of me.

 'Tis a pity.

But what *is* a man to do
 When the girls beset him so ?
 If he gives a nosegay here,
 If he calls another ' dear,'
 If he warbles to a third
 A love ditty ;

Why the darling little innocents
 They take it all to heart.
 A-lack-a-day.

Ah ! she was a pretty maiden,
 A little too fond-hearted,
 Eyes a little too love-laden,
 But — really — when we parted —
 Well — she died for love of me —

“Kitty Carrol.” Don’t you see
You are giving him to Kitty
Just as sure as sure can be?
’Tis the way he takes to woo her
By thus slyly showing to her
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet;
And for all the pretty prating
Of a woman’s deathless loving
And her ever faithful proving
And her true and tried devotion,
I’ve a very wicked notion
That to carry off the one
Whom Mary here is sighing for,
And Fanny there is dying for,
Is nearly half the happiness and more than half
the fun!
Now, if I were a man,
Jenny Marsh, Jenny Marsh,
If I only were a man
For a day
(I’m a woman so I can’t
Always do just what I want),
But if I were a man I would say,
“Archie Dean, go to thunder!
What’s the use of sighs, I wonder?
Your oaths and vows and mutterings
Are awfully profane!
Hie away to Kitty Carrol,
Your loss is but a gain.

And fishes still are swimming
 Just as luscious every way
As those that hissed and sputtered
 In the saucepan yesterday."

But Jenny, darling Jenny,
 You're a tender little woman,
And I can't expect you'll say what is
 So shockingly inhuman,
And besides you'll never dare,
You little witch, to swear,
But don't you dance too merrily,
 Because he *may* see through it,
And don't you flirt too far, my dear,
 Because perhaps you'll rue it,
And don't put on an air as if
 You're mortally offended —
'Twill be a feather in his cap,
 And then the game is ended;
And when, with Kitty on his arm,
 You meet him on the green,
Don't agonize your pouting lips
 To "Mr. Arthur Dean."
But every throb of pride or love
 Be very sure to stifle
As if your intercourse with him
 Were but the merest trifle;
And make believe with all your might

You do not care a feather
For all the Carrols in the world
And Archie Deans together.
Take this advice and get him back,
My darling, if you can,
And if you can't, why — right about,
And take another man !

HARTFORD, CONN., Oct. 25, 1856.

[FOR THE HOME JOURNAL]

WHAT I DID, GAIL HAMILTON

By Jenny Marsh

I WENT to the fair with Charlie —
With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved but me for many a year
And vowed his love with many a tear —
Ay, tears from the heart, I ween ;
But I never gave a smile to him
Until last night
When full in sight
Of Kitty Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money and land,
And that his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.

So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me in a trance ;
And once I caught them in the dance ;
And, oh ! the language of that glance !
I could have fallen at his feet,
Dear Archie Dean !
But there was Kitty and Charlie Green.

And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,
And with his softest tone and glance,
Asked me then with him to dance,
Do you think I dropped my eyes
With a blushing glad surprise ?
No, no, indeed ;
That wouldn't do.
Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace —
Ah ! he could not see my pain ! —
And I told him he must wait
A little while
Till I'd danced with Charlie Green,
Then I made a smile,
And Harry Hill and Tommy Brown ;
Oh ! the look he gave to me,
As his eyes fell sadly down !

Twice he something tried to say,
But I, laughing, turned away —
For my sight was getting dim —
Saying I would not forget
That I was to dance with him.

He did not go to Kitty Carrol,
Who was sitting all alone,
Watching me with flaming eyes ;
But he slowly walked away
To a corner in the dark
Where he waited patiently
And, he said, most wearily,
For the waltzing to be done.
And, although my heart was aching —
Yes, and very near to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun,
Just to see him standing there,
Watching me ; — oh, Archie Dean !
What a picture of despair !
Why not hie to Kitty Carrol ?
She has money — so they say —
And has held it out for lovers,
Many and many a weary day.
She is rather plain, I know :
Crooked nose, and reddish hair,
And her years are more than yours.
But Archie Dean ! — poor Archie Dean !
You're not rich like Charlie Green.

And what does *love* for beauty care ?
Hie away to Kitty Carrol !

Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she'll think that you are fickle,
And your vows of love untrue ;
And, may be, you'll get a mitten, —
Then, oh then, what would you do ?

Well, he sighed at me, and I laughed at him,
When we danced away together ;
He pressed my hand, but I heeded it not,
And whirled off like a feather.

He whispered something about the past
That I did not hear at all —
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.

He led me out beneath the stars ;
I told him it was vain
For him to vow : I had no faith
To bind with him again.

His voice was sad, and thrilling, and deep,
And my pride flew away, and left me to weep,
And then when he said that he loved me most true,
And ever should love me — “yes, love *only* you,”
I couldn't help trusting dear Archie — *could you ?*

ON THE SIDEWALK

 N the sidewalk dim and dusty
Ceaseless tread of hurrying feet,
Pleasure, passion, pain, and madness
Stalking up and down the street.
How the golden stars were burning,
Throbbing, glowing in the sky —
How the earth lay calm and holy
In the glory from on high,
As we walked among the walkers,
Slowly walking — you and I.

But the stars serene and shining,
And the moonlight clear and cold,
And the throng forever pressing
After wisdom, wine, and gold,
Drew no meaning — read no token,
Could not know the secret power
Of the words we lightly uttered
In that unforgotten hour.
Lightly spoken, lightly spoken,
Oh! the heavy hearts they made,
O the spell yet, yet unbroken,
Which upon our souls they laid.

O the sudden silent anguish,
 Cleaving heart and soul and life,
 O the terrible concealing
 Outward sign of inward strife.
 Bootless, fruitless, vain concealing
 That the light of life was gone.
 Memories of the buried Past
 Only, left to live upon.
 Bootless, fruitless, vain concealing,
 Aimless, hopeless, wild endeavor,
 For a chord of life was smitten
 That will tremble on forever.

You will go your way in life —
 I shall calmly walk in mine —
 Of the blight upon my spirit
 There shall be no trace nor sign.
 While I tread this vale of shadows,
 Be the way or short or long,
 Smiles shall dwell upon my forehead,
 Cheerful words upon my tongue,
 And I have a cooling balsam,
 For the burning in my brain,
 We are bound now and forever
 Each to each by common pain ;
 For you felt my heart was breaking,
 For I read your voiceless woe,
 Though we neither breathed a whisper
 That could tell the other so.

Life is short and love eternal,
 And we both shall stronger be —
 For the bitter, bitter chalice
 That is poured to you and me —
 Gather now thy robes about thee,
 Take thy pilgrim staff in hand,
 Look not backward, travel onward
 To the future better land ;
 Heave no sigh in vain regretting,
 Thinking of what might have been,
 It will be thy soul's ensnaring,
 He must run who hopes to win.
 In the day of life's declining,
 When the lengthening shadows fall,
 Looking back on all our pathway,
 We will bless the Lord for all.

O LAND BEYOND THE SOUNDING SEA

[" He was born in London, but came when a child to Ohio, where he was educated. He at first said that he remembered nothing at all of England, but afterwards asked, ' Aren't there little flowers that grow along by the fences in England that they call cups ? ' ' Butter-cups — yes.' ' And another little flower in the fences that smells very nice — *haws* ; is it ? — and another in the grass.' ' Primroses,' I suggested. ' Ah, yes, that's it — cups and primroses. I thought I was in England ; there wan't no such in Ohio. I can

remember going out with my mother into the country and picking them. That's the only thing I can remember in England.' "]



LAND beyond the sounding sea,
 O Queen enthroned in glory,
 O Mother of a mighty race,
 Renowned in song and story —
 Rich in memorials of the past,
 In promise of the future,
 Linked by the great acts of to-day,
 In not unworthy suture —
 Rich in all deeds of deathless fame
 That show divine in human,
 Rich in the life of noble man,
 And of heroic woman.
 Rich in that love by Jesus taught,
 Which maketh all men brothers,
 Rich in each gift that God bestows,
 But passing rich in mothers.

From Canterbury's old renown,
 From Windsor's quiet meadows,
 From "Silver Avon's" holy ground,
 From Cheviot's purple shadows,
 Thy children pass to every land
 On which the sun is shining,
 The sturdy zeal of Saxon nerve,
 With tropic fire combining ;

But still wherever English hand,
 To English hand gives greeting,
 Wherever in the English breast
 An English heart is beating,
 Sweet memories of the mother land
 Will come like guests unbidden,
 Beneath the gathering moss of time,
 Revealing fountains hidden.
 Sweet memories — not of moated tower,
 Or wild castle hoary,
 Of princely Hampton's pictured halls,
 Or Hastings' doubtful glory,
 But of the primrose by the brook,
 The daisy in the meadow,
 The buttercups on dimpled chins,
 Which cast a golden ghadow,
 Of emerald turf with violets flecked,
 His young feet crushed unheeding,
 As pattered they along the way,
 A mother's hand was leading.

Brown locks may whiten on the brow,
 Bright eyes be dim with weeping,
 The child grown old, the mother cold,
 Beneath the daisy sleeping;
 But still when he who holds the key
 Of memory's mystic portal,
 Shall for a space unbar the gates
 To show the soul immortal,

Though Arctic snows or Afric sands
 Stretch drearily before him,
 The fragrant gales of English vales
 Will breathe their sweetness o'er him.

O Mother's hand, O mother's heart,
 Ye work a wondrous mission,
 Ye smite a harp whose thrill perchance
 Is hidden from your vision ;
 Yet touch it lightly, for the chords
 Will cease their trembling never,
 But stretching through the mists of time
 Go quivering on forever.

FEB. 8, 1857.

TO ELLEN AUGUSTA HUNT IN ALABAMA

THE balmy airs of the South Land
 Are stirring the locks on thy brow,
 The perfumed scent of her orange groves
 Meet fragrance for such as thou.

Hath the sunny South Land a charm, Nelly,
 To lure thy longer stay,
 From her velvet turf and magnolia breath
 Dost thou shrink to turn away ?

Our skies are leaden and gray, Ellen,
Our winds are fierce and wild,
And ghostly and cold are the mountain snows,
Which they in their fury piled.

But the hearts are warm and true, Nelly,
That are beating in love for thee,
That are keeping time to thy morning song,
Wherever its warblings be.

And the void which thy going left, Nelly,
On that chill November morn,
Is a void to-day and to-night, my love,
The merry-voiced Spring is born.

A light went out on the hearthstone,
A tint from the blue of the sky,
A tone from the voice of singing
Full only when you were by.

A sense of what might but is not,
A dreamy and vague unrest,
A longing, and waiting, and watching,
These were thy parting behest.

But our hills shall be crowned with greenness,
Our roses shall flush in the sun,
Come home, come home, O, fairer than they,
That the Spring be indeed begun.

DR. KANE

REJOICE, rejoice !
Put on, O Earth, thy glory-robe and raise
Aloud thy voice,
And bind thy brow with everlasting bays.

No more, no more
The age shall be accounted mean and base
And given o'er
To greed of gold and lust of power and place.

Defiant now,
She calls the heroes of the vaunted Past,
And bids them bow
In homage to the greatest and the last.

When fair young Greece
Sent from her bosom an adventurous band,
A golden fleece
Allured their footsteps to a far-off land.

In later days
Men tracked a path upon the unknown sea
For love of praise,
Or fame of boundless wealth that was to be.

Not so he went,
Who hath returned so pale and still to-day.
With high intent
He parted on his dread and devious way

The lost to save —
To bring back light to many a darkened hearth,
And from the grave
Lead forth the wanderer to a genial earth.

Not as of old,
Weak flesh and blood and gleaming steel his foes,
But subtle Cold,
And the grim Ghosts of the Eternal Snows.

Pale, shadowy forms
Loomed in the darkness, but they gave no sound.
Spirits of Storms
Wandering in silence awful and profound.

With these he fought,
He of the Christ-like heart and God-like soul,
Nor failed in aught,
But bent the storm-wraiths to his own control.

Ah ! must it be ?
The incense kindled from God's altar fire
Wo— wo is me !
Consumed the censer as it mounted higher.

And yet no tears.
To-day with prouder tread we press the earth,
And bless the years,
The living age that gave a hero birth.

For him no tears —
Although, alas! too soon to dust gone down,
Yet his young years
Have wreathed him with an amaranthine crown.

But tears for those
Within whose home the light is waxen dim,
Who till life's close
Will twine the cypress with the bay for him.

It needs must be,
O mother, that thy feet shall sorrowing go,
Thou who didst see
Life's earliest ebb and last retreating flow,

Yet doubly blest,
With all its speechless grief and anguish rife,
The mother's breast
That pillowed him at morn and even of life.

We pray that He,
Who crowned with joy the stricken one of Nain
May pour for thee
The wine of peace within thy cup of pain.

THE NOSIAD

An Epic Poem

EMILIA, my dear, and the kerchief committee,
Come gather around while I sing you a ditty;
Not of some lonely Chloe who died broken-
hearted,
Because from her side cruel Colin departed,
For I think, my dear girls, 'tis a very poor course
To mend a bad matter by making it worse,
And if a young damsel is left by her wooer,
I cannot imagine what good it can do her,
And what the particular pleasure 'twill give her
To throw herself hastily into a river —
Nor prate I of freedom, that much abused article,
Bepraised by all striplings endowed with a particle
Of that indescribable gift of Queen Mab,
Which the vulgar denominate "gift o' the gab,"
For though we are truly the great "Yankee" nation,
And abundantly able to "whip" all creation,
We've just now small reason for congratulation.
For our President true, I've sufficient affection,
But Heaven forbid *I* should sing his election
My own Massachusetts meant not he should have, he
knew,
The White House that stands "at the end of the
avenue."
Were the Pathfinder there with his garland of glory,
I would sing you a roundelay, child, *con amore* —

And though he is not, we rejoice that no less he
 Deserves it and more with his beautiful Jessie.
 So we'll meet every foe, should insulting bemoan he
 us,

With the truth wherewith Cato once strengthened
 Sempronius ;

But ask not a Freedom song when you remember
 I hung up my harp on the Fourth of November.
 And now, O committee, for fear you should say
 I spin out my song in a very strange way,
 By telling you each insignificant thing,
 About which my mind is made up *not* to sing, —
 Reminding you thus of the mountain and mouse —
 Or a very large hall to a very small house,
 I'll tell you at once ere I come to the close,
 The theme of my lay is — myself and my nose.

A long time ago in a domicile lone
 Within sound of the ocean's unceasing moan,
 Where the skies were bluer than smile on me now,
 And the winds were fiercer than breathe on my brow,
 And wilder and bleaker the mountain snows,
 We came into being — myself and my nose.
 How well I remember the fateful day —
 How quiet, observant, and peaceful I lay
 Till I heard the words of my cruel nurse,
 " She is certainly ugly, but might have been worse."
 Nay, before I had entered my very first doze,
 My father exclaimed, " Do but look at her nose."

With a fierceness of fury 'twere hard to tell,
I doubled my fists and I uttered a yell,
Piercing, sonorous, prolonged, and clear,
A yell 'twould be worth your while to hear,
Whereat the nurse and my father and mother,
Gazed in amazement on one another,
Till the former with greater acumen smiled,
And nodded and said, "a remarkable child."
So I was appeased and at once shrunk back
Into the proper juvenile track.

The old woman indeed had spoken the truth,
For I was a very remarkable youth,
But unlike most of those who give signs of precocity,
I did not expire with good-natured velocity,
But persistently managed to grow and to thrive
As well as the veriest dunce alive —
A remarkable fact of itself, I must say,
Considering the perfectly orthodox way
In which doses of oil and bark and root
Were crammed unconcernedly down my throat,
As if a poor baby with scarcely a rag on
Were a modified species of wantley dragon.
Nevertheless I grew apace
In strength and endurance if not in grace —
And I and my nose went peering around
In search of whatever there was to be found —
Over mountain and valley sans sun-shade and bonnet,
(No persuasion could ever induce me to don it),

I roamed at my will while my poor mother cried,
 As my peregrinations she wistfully eyed,
 "My child, you will turn your adventurous nose
 As black as the African Scipios."

I chased all the girls and I fought all their brothers,
 And sent them bewailing, soon, home to their mothers,
 Till, in a full circuit of twenty miles round
 There was not a single brave lad to be found
 That was hardy enough to resist my appeals,
 But at sight of my nose forthwith took to his heels —
 (I mention with feelings of deepest regret
 'Tis a habit they've never recovered from yet!)

But as I grew up into woman's estate
 My carelessness waned and my sorrow waxed great —
 A sense of my ugliness broke my repose —
 And I bitterly mourned my unfortunate nose.
 All my friends stood aghast at my heart-rending grief
 And strove by affection to bring me relief,
 But with mutual gloom did each interview close,
 While I only exclaimed, "O my nose, my poor nose!"

At length, a sad, heart-broken exile, from home
 As my only resort I concluded to roam —
 As if any road which a traveller goes
 Can lead him away from a terrible nose!

"My child," said my father, "'tis foolish in you,
 For wherever you go, there your nose must go too —

You have not a doubt of the fact, I suppose,
That a girl must assuredly follow her nose."

But in vain — I departed — I came to your city
And presented myself, a meet object for pity.
I came and you saw and have conquered, my friends,
See how a divinity shapeth our ends —
For though I am certain you all will agree
'Tis the ugliest nose that you ever did see,
Yet a nose, I am equally sure you will say,
Whether aquiline, Roman, or retroussé,
A nose turned up or a nose turned down —
A nose all freckled or wholly brown —
A nose too large or a nose too small,
Is a thousand times better than no nose at all ;
At least, so I judge from the cheerful celerity
With which you engaged in your late work of charity,
For you see that your ready and active decision
In making such very abundant provision
For an organ, whose wants, although innocent quite,
Must never be mentioned to ears polite,
In a manner that cannot be gainsaid discloses
You approve not the counsel of Aaron to Moses
Suggesting a decapitation of noses.

Your labor, my loved ones, is not in vain,
In word or in thought I will never complain.
Nay, if there should chance to spring up a thought,
A wish that my nose might be what it is not,

I'll remember that nose is a sign and a token
 Of a friendship for you which shall never be broken —
 Of a depth of affection no words can tell —
 So dearest and sweetest, farewell, farewell.

P.S. — I meant to stop there, but never a word
 Ventured upon by a singing bird,
 Ranted by actor, or stammered by mimic
 Can be found to rhyme with my patronymic;
 But though 'tis a very prosaic name
 'Twill likely enough long continue the same —
 And our mothers have told us what cannot be cured
 With great resignation must be endured —
 So I'll be content with a *sensible* rhyme,
 Though in truth it has but an unmusical chime —
 And say I remain wherever I lodge
 Your very affectionate Dominie Dodge.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES OR: WHO I AM

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO "X. Y. Z.," WITH A
 GLANCE REMINISCENT AT E. F. G.

Ha! ha! ha!

Well begun!

Nothing like having a bit of fun.

If I understand you the question is this,

Am I a Mr. or Mrs. or Miss?

A man or a woman,
A Ghoul or a human, —

Pray tell me the good such a knowledge can do man,
Or whatever can make it a circumstance weighty,
To know where I stand between eighteen and eighty ;
Or whether I chance to be single or double ;
But, nevertheless, as you 've taken the trouble,
And as I don't wish to be wrapped up in mystery,
I think I will give you a leaf of my history.

I'm a college student of seventeen,
With a scarcely perceptible shade of green ;
Three terrible pairs of rickety stairs,
I tumble down daily to morning prayers ;
I twirl my cane with a matchless grace,
And if you should happen to look in my face,
 When the morning light
 Falls on it aright,
You will catch, I am certain, a very fair sight
Of what I should call, and I hope I'm not rash,
The first faint dawn of a young moustache ;
 I would also say
 In a modest way,
 I've a generous share
 Enough and to spare,
Of that indescribable gift so rare,
And when I hold forth in my musical tones
Before the redoubtable "Skull and Bones,"

You would never know
 But 'twas Cicero,
 Unless somebody happened to tell you so.
 With the girls of the land
 I'm in great demand,
 And a sudden meeting,
 Some crowded street in,
 Gives rise to a very affectionate greeting.
 I moreover can show,
 Let me whisper it low,
 Five pictures of five graceful nymphs in a row.
 The first has bushels of raven curls,
 The next is the very queen of girls,
 The third is fair
 With auburn hair,
 The fourth has a very distingué air,
 The fifth has — something, precisely what
 I cannot say, for I've quite forgot,
 Though many days with my watch for a locket,
 I tenderly bore in the depths of my pocket
 A bit of the ribbon that bound her locks,
 Now lying, alas ! in my relic box.
 I hope the young lady won't go break her heart,
 Because I was so ready from her memento to part.
 But to sum up the whole,
 I have thought on my soul
 Since thus I began
 My features to scan,
 I'm a very uncommonly nice young man.

Pray what say *you* — this description you see —
My investigator “X. Y. Z.”

Peccavi, peccavi; to soften my pillow
I humbly confess to a peccadillo —
Very different proves the real denouement,
For I'm not in the least a college student,
No enamored swain nor ranting debater,
But a docile and dutiful Alma Mater.
Rugged and thorny the path I have trod,
A married lady of thirty odd;
Every evening I see in their beds
A baker's dozen of curly heads;
Every morning my slumbers greet
The patter, patter, patter of twenty-six feet.
Thirteen little hearts are always in a flutter,
Till thirteen little mouths are filled with bread and
 butter;
Thirteen little tongues are busy all day long,
And thirteen little hands with doing something wrong,
 Till I fain am to do
 With an energy too,
As did the old woman who lived in a shoe;
And when my poor husband comes home from his
 work,
Tired and hungry and fierce as a Turk,
What do you think is the picture he sees?
A legion of babies all in a breeze.

Johnny a-crying
 And Mary a-sighing,
 And dignified me with my hair all a-flying;
 William strong and angry beating little Nelly,
 Charley in the pantry eating currant jelly;
 Richard strutting round in papa's Sunday coat,
 Bobby at the glass with a razor at his throat,
 Harry gets his fingers crushed when Susie shuts the
 door,
 Mitigates their aching with a forty-pounder roar;
 Baby at the coal-hod hurries to begin
 Throwing in his mite to the universal din.
 Alas! my lord and master being rather weak of
 nerve, he
 Begins to lose his patience in this stunning topsy
 turvy,
 And then the frightened little ones all fly to me for
 shelter,
 And so the drama closes 'mid a general helter-skelter.
 I'll give you my name lest you think me a myth,
 Yours very respectably, Mrs. John Smith!

A VALEDICTORY

WITH joy, dear parents and good friends, with
joy and yet with fear,
We've long looked forward to the day when we
should meet you here —
With joy, to see in this our room your faces ever
kind —
With fear lest you should find us not all you had
hoped to find.
But pray, remember when you judge, how few our
years have been ;
The summers on our wisest heads have scarcely num-
bered ten.
We left, not many months ago, each one his mother's
side ;
And even now our leading strings are loosened — *not*
untied !
But don't you know that Solomon, with all his won-
drous might,
Was once a baby, knowing not his left hand from his
right ?
That Moses cried to get the moon, Napoleon wore a
bib,
And *Frank Pierce* rode a broom-stick, and slept
within a crib ?
So, ever in your ears, we hope the scripture adage
rings,
However wise, not to despise the day of little things.

And though to you but very small may seem our
learnèd lore,

Remember we have done our best, and "angels could
no more."

We've washed our faces very clean, we've brushed
the wayward hair,

And smoothed our frocks and collars down with most
surprising care.

Not for the world our pretty fans or kerchiefs would
we lose,

And if you'd see a handsome face just look at our new
shoes.

Now though we don't suppose we are the best in all
the city,

Yet don't you think we're pretty fair, most reverend
committee?

Your approbation, sirs, we hope to gain in some small
measure,

Th' approving voice of such a judge would crown our
toil with pleasure.

But if you've seen, as needs must be, aught you can-
not commend,

We surely will receive your blame as from a long-
tried friend.

We thank you, sirs, for all your care and pray that
you may be

Long spared unto our little school though we're not
here to see.

Dear teacher, who, for months and weeks, hast guided
us so well,
To your own heart our hearts shall speak what words
can never tell;
Your patience never failed in all our listless, naughty
ways —
The bad have met a firm rebuke — the good unstinted
praise.
The consciousness of duty done, a just reward is
given —
Be every other blessing showered upon you from high
Heaven.

Whene'er we fear the world will scorn our learning
and our arts,
We turn with confidence to you, *O throbbing mothers'*
hearts!
The love that taught our baby lips and led our baby
feet
Will never fail our weak essays with cheering smiles
to greet.
We mean to answer all your hopes and disappoint
your fears,
And grow more good and truly wise as we increase in
years.

Dear school-mates, who have met us here — who'll
meet us nevermore,
No coming scenes will e'er blot out the happy scenes
of yore.

Your pleasant faces we shall miss from out our little
band ;
We love you, and we bless you as we give the parting
hand.

To you, who, with the autumn days, again shall cheer
our sight,
We will not say the sad " Good-bye," but only breathe
" Good-night."
We hope the bright vacation days will find you with
the flowers ;
That by the brooks and o'er the hills, you'll chase the
flying hours ;
Go ! bring back scores of rosy cheeks and scores of
sparkling eyes,
And worlds-full of heart happiness, that never, never
dies.
May health and hope and peace and love forever with
you dwell,
And now, dear teacher, parents, friends, we bid you
all farewell.

SUMMER, 1857.

TO DR. MURDOCK

IF, as the homeopathsists say,
Like only by like can be healed,
The mystery hid in my birthday gift
Will easily be revealed ;
For as Eve by this fruit caused herself and the race
Forever with sorrow to grapple,
So I would that all sorrow from you and from yours
Might forever depart by an apple.

FOR — DEC. 8, 1857.

TO MR. OWEN

YOUR excellent watch, my excellent friend,
I restore to your fatherly hands,
And with it I pray you receive all the thanks
So gracious a token demands.
To atone for the sorrow its absence hath caused,
I am sure it will please you to know,
With eloquent lips, it hath pleaded your case,
And taught me to feel for your woe.
For if I have grown pale through my anxious care,
Of a property not my own,
And most truly rejoice in three days to give back
The beautiful, troublesome loan —

What grief must be yours with your vast estate,
 And your sensitive conscience, knowing
 That although you pay up every cent on your hands,
 You never can cease to be Owen.

TO MR. SMITH

MY dear Mr. Smith, could you now for a minute
 Lay aside, not your head, but the thoughts
 that are in it ;

Forget all your saddles and bridles and straps,
 And open your heart to a woman's mishaps.

'Tis about a poor damsel who lives in this city,
 And a gentleman called a financial committee.
 I mention no names ; don't ask me the cause on't,
 Hers might have been Bodge, my dear sir, but it
 wasn't.

Well, this poor little damsel had spent her young
 years,
 Smiled heavens of smiles and wept oceans of tears,
 In a certain brick school-house full three stories high,
 Set under this very committee man's eye.
 All the work she accomplished 'twould tire you to tell,
 But considering all things, 'twas done very well,
 Since teaching is not, Sir, a thing to delight in,
 But a very odd compound of scolding and fighting.

For although good old Moses at half a glance saw
’Twas a very hard thing to make bricks without straw,
Fond parents now give a — rhetorical — kick,
If every small boy does not turn out — “A brick!”

One day this committee man came to the maiden,
With a bursting big pocket-book heavily laden;
Now this unwonted sight made her feel very funny,
For she knew he was going to give her some money,
Though you see so uncommonly hard were the times,
There was very small traffic in dollars and dimes.
Every bank was as poor as were Peter and John,
And the cashiers said, “Silver and gold have I none.”
So the damsel aforesaid was only too glad
To take for her pay of the best that he had,
Though it must be confessed that her heart somewhat
sank

When she saw they were bills on the Charter Oak
Bank —

And she said to herself, “I would much rather hold
The Phoenix Bank bills if I cannot have gold,
For although that will surely go down in these crashes
Another as good will arise from its ashes.
But this Charter Oak — I have certainly heard —
But dear me, there’s no use in my saying a word,
For he stands there so large and so stout and so tall
He could crush me as easy as nothing at all.”

Well, when he had paid her the money he said,
With a very confirmative shake of the head,

“You would better get rid of that money, my friend,
 For there’s reason to fear that the bank will suspend.
 I advise you to do it now — mind what I say —
 In such times as these, we’re not safe for a day.”

The girl was much pleased with this friendly advice,
 And a part of her money went off in a trice ;
 She bought many things that she thought she should
 need,

And some that she shouldn’t to wear and to read ;
 Sent beautiful gifts to the friends she loved best,
 And then in an evil hour gave all the rest
 To a friend of her own in her name to invest,
 So you see she was left — ’tis a crime in a court —
 Without any visible means of support ;
 But I’m sure the committee man ought not to blame
 her,

For ’tis owing to him she’s in such a dilemma.
 Now ragged and tattered she walks through the street,
 The scoff of each walker she chances to meet.
 Through the rents in her gaiters peep forth her white
 hose,
 To be followed, she fears every day, by her
 t-o-u-g-h-s !

She had long wished and hoped for a water-proof
 cloak,

But she fears that her wishes will vanish in smoke,
 And then, too, she wears such a shocking old bonnet —
 O the rains and the snows that have beaten upon it —

And then by-and-by to her home she must go,
And though stocks in all railroads have fallen quite
low,
I suppose a conductor won't carry her far
Unless she can pay for a seat in the car.

Now if I were that girl and if that man were you,
My dear Mr. Smith, tell me what would you do?
Turn a merciless ear to her pitiful cries,
Or come to her aid with the needful supplies?
Having shared in her fault, would you share in her
pain?
Or turn away with "Don't be caught so again."
A word to the wise is sufficient, they say —
That word being spoken, I hasten away —
With a wish that your shadow may never be less
(And that is a very great wish, you'll confess).
I beg your permission to bid you adieu,
Yours very respectfully,

Can't you guess who?

ANTENATAL

LITTLE Baby feet, patter, patter,
 Coming hither down the road from Heaven —
 Little Baby cheek, rest softly
 On the mother's breast God hath given —
 Little Baby life, float lightly
 In the sea of love round thee flowing —
 Little Baby sun, rise brightly,
 Far be the night of thy going.

Little Baby soul, love wisdom,
 Borne to thee in fatherly caresses —
 Little Baby heart, learn goodness,
 Dropt to thee in motherly kisses ;
 Love-guided wisdom be thy pole-star,
 So shall the Earth-life given
 Be but a firm and gentle treading
 Back again along the road to Heaven.

MARCH 9, 1858.

TO C. L. TALLANT

CARRY-Lina — Louisa, Miss Tallant, my dear —
 Or whatever pet name softly falls on your ear,
 I meant to come round to look after your weal,
 To ask your poor head how it happens to feel,
 To see that your heart has a regular beat,
 To "figet" your "oscula dulcia" sweet,

To know what the light of your eyes may betray,
And your dear piquant nose — is it not, by the way,
Just the least little bit in the world *retroussé*?
But, my dear, when the usual deafening shout
Announced to the city that school was out,
So brimful of *tired* I was that my skin
Seemed only a bag to hold weariness in,
And further than this, as if only to show,
That every terrestrial cup of woe
(Here you'll twist up your lips in a sweet little pucker)
Is never so "chuck full" it can't be made chucker,
I found to my sorrow as soon as I rose,
And walked to the closet to put on my clo'es,
There must be some blisters right under my toes —
And when you remember, as surely you will,
That I've lived for a year away out on "the Hill,"
You'll at once understand why direct I should come
In such a condition the nearest way home;
But then I'm consoled since I know you'll receive
The very best care the good Dimmocks can give —
Though the whole world desert you — it certainly
won't —

You may always be certain of our Miss Hunt —
And not a cloud her heaven can fleck
Who dwells in the sunshine of Mary Peck —
And besides all this, I'm consoled, my dear,
That however bad my verses appear,
I appeal to the eye much worse than the ear.

Should you like to know of our goings-on
 In Asylum Street since you have been gone?
 Miss Hunt will have told you the lamentation
 About to go up from the Association,

Because *we* don't go down

To the goodly town

When it holds its annual Convocation.

I suppose, don't you, that they'll rend their hair —

And their garments too (if the worse for wear) —

And iterate, "Ichabod! Glory departed!"

(Which won't be quite true since it never started!)

As for the rest we roll, my dear,

In much the same rut as when you were here;

The brook still flows on its course unseen.

Only the grass is a fresher green,

Where the trill of the musical ripple hath been,

And men as ever admire the sight

And gaze on its greenness with great delight.

Mr. Capron is calm — Mr. Wilcox is clever —

And Bertha Olmstead as good as ever —

And we all plod on in our various courses

Much like overworked, bony dray horses.

I sit now and then in the curule chair

And gaze about with a mingled air,

A cross between crossness and despair,

And hurl the ciphers and failures about

To the multitudinous rabble rout.

(A poet's license — they're wondrous good —
I couldn't cipher them if I would)
And wildly scream to the ultimate corner
Where some metaphysical young Jack Horner
Has put in his thumb
To pick out a plum
From Alfred, the noble, or Cædmon the dumb;
You may rightly judge hence
As a consequence
My throat is full of little rents,
And split all across like a five-rail fence.

I've had several adventures out of school;
Would you like to hear them? — then pray keep cool —
I saw a man come near being killed,
Because like all men he was horrid self-willed.
His name, I believe, was Mason Weld
(Here throw in a word that will rhyme — say telled);
The cars were going — were almost gone —
He had bag and shawl, but he would get on —
And so he did — 'twas a sight to appal —
For if he had fallen — he didn't fall —
They'd have gone straight over him, bag and all!
Indeed, I myself was not very far
From being run over, though not by a car,
But a cart dragged along by a broken-down Dobbin,
Whose scraggy old head kept a bob-bob-bobbin!
A very ignoble kind of way
To depart from this life you will justly say —

Because if you must for original sin
Have your senses knocked out by your skull knocked
in,

'Tis a mitigation — it is indeed —
To have it done by a decent steed —
Bestrode, perhaps, at least, in our plan,
By a very uncommonly nice young man,
With a black mustache, and the “handsomest eyes”
Who shall pick you up with remorseful sighs,
And beg all the doctors to use their art,
To bring back the pulse to your pulseless heart,
And then — and then — O 'tis pretty, very,
And I leave out the best — the corollary —
But, dear me — where's the romance to brag on
Killed outright by a one-horse wagon ?

The Light Horse Guards have been out to-day,
At least so I heard the pupils say,
And Ellen and I as we went up the street,
Mobilis turba Quiritium did meet —
Women with babies, and children with toys,
And men with their aprons, and swarms of small
boys —
And scores of lean horses with very fat riders,
All very imposing to youthful outsiders ;
And a man in the middle with iron lung
And a brazen throat and a leather tongue,
Kept up a continual steady “screech,”
To play, I suppose, they were storming a breach —

And they brandished their swords (that could hardly
slay)

In a rather desperate kind of way —
And were somewhat stupid and shockingly dusty,
And altogether decidedly rusty;
No doubt "the Guards" are very effective,
But they didn't look in the least protective.

Ah, well, my dear, it would tire you out
If I should tell you all about
The various things I have suffered and done —
How I bought a fan — it is not my own —
And how notwithstanding my conscience frowning —
I looked and longed for a Mrs. Browning;
How I wanted a picture worthy that name,
And then for the picture a worthy frame,
One forever to grace my home — I
Had bought — but — the *res angusta domi*!
Shall I tell you, my love, how I had the good manners
To save for you some delicious bananas
I had from a girl? — but I didn't come —
And so of course I conveyed them home —
Intending to keep them — I did — for you,
But when I saw them spread out to my view,
I began to think they wouldn't keep,
Or perhaps they would hurt you — drive away sleep —
And so at once — contradict me you won't —
I became unselfish — like Ellen Hunt —

Disinterestedly broke my oath,
 And to save you from suffering, swallowed them
 both !

Good night, good night, my dear, the hours increase,
 And this my idle strain, perforce, must cease —

With laughter I can lonely vigil keep,
 But rather praying choose to "fall on sleep."
 With those I love, your name is writ, my dear,
 With those that love me well shall yours appear ?

It matters not ; you are the same to me,
 And this my prayer for you shall always be :
 Not that no cloud forevermore may dim

 Your spirit's shining,
 But that the cloud in time may turn to you
 A silver lining ;

Not that no bitter evermore may mar
 Your joy's completeness,
 But that from every bitter you may pluck
 Its heart of sweetness ;

Not that no sword may ever pierce your soul,
 But that your sorrows

May be but swift-winged pioneers to lead
 To brighter morrows ;

Not that unfaltering you may tread your path
 Whate'er its length,

But that from every weakness you may learn
 To gather strength ;

Not that no work may henceforth ever burden

Your spirit's wings,
But that your life-long work may always be
In holy things;
Not that your eyes may never fail to see
Triumph complete,
But that a glorious victory you may wrest
From each defeat —
Till fought is the last fierce fight —
Ended the strife —
And you rise from the deep dishonor of death
To freer and fuller life.

BENEDICITI.

P.S. preceding the letter.

I'm afraid you will think there is something amiss
Or I'm an uncommonly stupid dunce —
To be sending you — ill — such a letter as this —
But you need not read it all at once.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 2, 1858.

VESTIGES

MY eyes were not blessed with a vision,
 My ears caught no music divine ;
 But I knew by the rose-scattered pathway
 The point where an angel crossed mine.
 An angel ? Nay, only a woman
 Dispensing the bounties of God —
 Could an angel do more ? Then an angel
 One moment my pathway has trod.
 O blessèd, or angel or woman —
 Whatever of grief it encloses —
 That heart whose way into the heaven
 Is traced by the scent of the roses.

TO MARY PECK, July 14, 1858.

WITH pomp of rhythmic strain it scarce were
 meet
 To lay my Christmas tribute at thy feet,
 Since all who look upon thy face must see
 A womanhood above all poesy.

TO MRS. BAILEY, with polish boots, Christmas, 1858.

LET not thy heart, O noble friend
 My humble gift despise,
 But may the simple offering
 Find favor in thine eyes.
 I know that with the shining Ones

Thy genial home is found,
 But though thy head may knock the stars,
 Thy feet must touch the ground.
 Dream on, then, of those fairer realms
 Above our world of strife,
 And give us foretastes of the joys
 That gild the "Future Life."
 But lesser crowns for lesser brows —
 I count not Fate remiss
 If she but grant my grateful hands
 To guard thy feet in this.

TO MR. GEORGE WOOD,¹ with pair of socks, Christmas.

I FEAR it will seem an Hibernian stroke
 To mark the sincerest of loves
 By begloving a man whose great glory it is
 That he handles all sin without gloves.
 But remember, I pray, that the glove in old time
 Was a signal of mortal defiance —
 And in these evil days if a man can be found
 On whom Christendom places reliance —
 Who always stands ready to shiver a lance,
 For the love of the right, not renown, —
 It is surely the least his admirers can do
 To provide him with gloves to throw down.

TO DR. BAILEY, with pair of gloves, Christmas.

¹ Author of "Scenes in Another World."

TO —

IN ANSWER FOR "SOMETHING SWEET AND PRETTY
JUST LIKE YOURSELF."

A CLAM to your flounces tenaciously clinging —
The bell of the milkman his matinals ringing —
A cabbage upreared by your lilies and roses,
A hand 'neath the hinge of the door when it closes —
The dragon of Wantley, whose taste architectural
Makes us fancy the tale was extremely conjectural —
A pony descended from old Rosinante, —
The sunflower in front of an Irishman's shanty —
A talker who makes the chief part of his role, "Oh" —
A donkey who brays a duet to your solo —
A needle thrust under your delicate nail —
An epic by Blackmore — the Knights of the Grail —
The gravy upset on your lavender silk,
The salt in your coffee, your sleeve in the milk —
A small boy in the parlor entirely *de trop* —
(How many there should be you very well know) —
I give since you asked me, you mischievous elf,
For "something sweet and pretty just like myself."

A PENCILED-SKETCH¹

MY dear, was it ever your fortune to pass
Through a green meadow, soft with the fresh
springing grass ?

I might call it emerald or some precious stone,
But well enough is always best let alone.
If a meadow is green, why not say so I pray,
As well as go off in some roundabout way —
'Feathered-songster,' or 'warbler,' or any such word,
Is not to my ear half so sweet as a *bird* ;
But let this alone, we'll go back to the cows,
Who can't be expected forever to browse.

I was going to remark on their wonderful strength,
Their sinewy legs and their horns' winding length ;
Yet so gentle and tender, the softest white hand
Unharm'd may stroke their brown necks as they
stand.

But if you should chance on the pond in your path,
When the gander is just going down to a bath,
With a party of geese, and their goslings behind —
Whose strength if united you scarcely would mind —
Ten to one but he makes a blind rush, hit or miss,
Expanding his soul in a terrible hiss,
Flutters out his broad wings, stretches out his long
neck,
And threatens to perpetrate terrible things,

¹ Found on the back of an old letter of Sept. 20, 1859.

Till you grasp the long neck with its rufflings,
 And take him to walk by your side *nolens volens*,
 Which very soon quenches the flame of his ire,
 And makes him exceedingly long to retire.

The more of this in your memory you keep,
 Wrapped, fashion-phrase, — still waters run deep —
 Or less elegant yet of a usage far wide
 To be carefully shunned, though all talk (beside),
 But unlike the great number of morals you see
 That alone is for you, and the moral for me,
 For I have a story, my dear, to relate
 Which hardly can merit the epithet — great —
 And, *ergo*, to make it more worthy your time,
 I have taken precaution to dress it in rhyme,
 Indulging the hope, I mean no offence,
 To make up in sound what is wanting in sense.

BY THE SEA

, SAUCY, sparkling sea,
 Curling along the strand,
 Flashing your foam out in snowy curves,
 To entrap me where I stand ;
 Dancing in maiden mirth
 Up to the gray old beach,
 Gliding away where he woos you to stay,
 Forever beyond his reach.

I know you, saucy sea,
 I hear what you do not say —
I have learned the secret that fills your heart
 And laughs in your wild waves' play.
There is — one — who is coming home ;
 You have seen his white sails gleam ;
You stayed your mad flight to listen last night
 For the name that he breathed in his dream.

O, beautiful, purple sea,
 I forgive you — but will he come ?
Oh, mock at the mermaids, oh, jeer at the sands,
 But happily bring him home.
I could think it was grief, not joy,
 Such a fever burns in my breast.
With the evening star comes my love from afar,
 And lo ! the sun sinks in the west !

A VISION

I SAW, upon a summit lone,
 A temple rise to sight ;
About its turrets played the beams
 Of an unearthly light.

I saw a valley dark and wide,
 Veiled all by misty shrouds,
Save where the cliffs of either side
 Peered out from restless clouds.

I saw a plain where light young forms
Were gliding 'mid the bowers,
Beneath whose quivering shades they twined
Bright wreaths of brilliant flowers.

They sported ever heedlessly
All o'er that sunny plain ;
Nor looked they downward to the vale
Nor upward to the fane.

From out the plain went sep'rate ways ;
One, winding to the height,
The other ended at the vale,
In darkness, black as night.

I saw each spirit choose his path
When passing out the plain ;
But none might stop in all the way
Or backward turn again.

Three-score and ten the milestones were
Along the downward way ;
Three-score and ten along the path
That led to endless day ;

Save twelve they passed upon the plain
As carelessly they went ;
And heeded not the sep'rate paths
Whither their footsteps bent.

I saw sometimes the upward way
To wind a beetling verge ;
But spirits from the fane came down
The wayworn, on to urge.

Some passed the milestones in the plain
Then took the upward way ;
Nor paused till they from out the fane
Received them into day.

Some walked awhile the downward path
Then turned them from the train,
And sought across a tangled wild
The upward path to gain.

Far in the dim and cloud-capt heights,
I saw a weary one,
Who almost all the steeps had climbed,
The fane had almost won.

And then I saw the temple gates
For him, wide open flung,
One flash of glory down the steep,
And then they backward swung.

The vision past, I heard a voice,
The magic of whose strain,
My spirit thrilled, as down I looked
Once more towards the plain.

I saw a being, fair to sight,
She was a child of song;
And by the love-light in her eye,
They knew her in the throng.

The broader way towards the vale
At first her footsteps chose,
But soon she wearied of the path,
Its joys were turned to woes.

Way-worn, up to the fane of life
A hopeful glance she cast,
And then to gain the other way
Across the wild she passed.

I saw a kindred spirit come —
He, too, had left the plain —
He chose her from the pilgrim throng
The heights with him to gain.

A score of milestones had she passed
When spirits from the height
Came down to bear her up the steep
To realms of endless light.

I saw the joy of earthly things
Fade from her upturned eye;
Her lips grew pallid when they bore
Her spirit up on high.

Again I saw the temple gates
For her wide open flung,
One flash of glory down the steep,
And then they backward swung.

They called her Rhoda in the way
And Rhoda in the plain,
Another name she bears among
The spirits of the fane.

“ETTIE”

Died in the morning, Feb. 11, 1861

SET her chair against the wall,
Let her little primer lie,
Fold the little frock away,
Lay the little thimble by;
Take the little battered shoes
From their place upon the floor —
Oh! the tender little feet
That will never want them more!

For an angel came from Heaven
Ere the dawning of the day,
From the arms that would have held her
Bore our little one away;
She had known life by its sunshine,
Not its sorrow, shame, or sin;
But the pearly gates stood open
And the dear Christ smiled her in.

Darling, in the Heaven of heavens,
 Are your shy, sweet eyes the same ?
 Do you still lisp broken love-talk ?
 Do you wear your baby name ?
 It may be a new baptism
 Sealed you at your heavenly birth —
 But no name can have more love in
 Than the one you bore on earth.

Now your little feet are walking
 In the garden of the Lord —
 Now your little voice is swelling
 The new song with sweet accord —
 Now your little heart is learning
 All the joy that angels know,
 Do you never miss the loving
 Who are waiting here below ?

Do you mind the little sister
 Who was wild to see your face
 Missing only for a week
 From its old accustomed place ?
 Timid birdling in the home-nest,
 Half afraid if one were by,
 Is your little heart quite peaceful
 In its home beyond the sky ?

Jesus, Saviour, pity, pardon
Doubts and fears but born of grief ;
We believe in thy salvation ;
Help thou, Lord, our unbelief.
Pardon, if the sweet child-voices
Make thy love seem like decree —
“ Suffer ye the little children
As of old to come to me.”

Safely in thy arms we leave her —
Folded closely to thy breast.
There shall nothing come to grieve her,
Earth is fair, but Heaven is best.
Now for us the shadows deepen
In the sunlight where she stood ;
But for her the day is dawning
Into glory. God is good.

ORIGINAL ODE

*Written for the Anniversary of the Essex Agricultural Society,
September 25, 1861.*

NOW hang up the sickle, the reapers are done !
The warm rains, the soft dews, and the sweet
summer sun
Have cheerily wrought with the brawny arms here,
And the Harvest-Moon smiles on the fruits of the
year.

Ho! Freemen of Essex! Stout sons of the soil!
What meed to your labors, what rest to your toil,
While the tread of the traitor pollutes the wronged
earth,
And Liberty faints in the land of her birth?

Runs the blood of your sires pale and weak in your
veins?
Will the ringing of gold drown the clanking of
chains?
Will you sit by your firesides and count up your
store,
While shame keeps with death, watch and ward at
the door?

No! a thousand times No! thunder out on the air,
Here are strong arms to do — here are brave hearts to
dare!
The fair vales that thrilled under Putnam's young
tread,
Give birth to no dastards — bring shame to no dead.

By the past that bequeathed us our might of to-day —
By the future that calls up a glory-paved way,
All the strength of our prime, all the fire of our
youth,
We joyfully lay on the altar of Truth.

In the sheen of our steel, guilt shall read its just
doom.

The breath of the North is the traitor's simoom!
Flash brightly, sharp steel! Rush swiftly, fierce
breath!

And sweep treachery down to the valley of death!

Fling our flag to the breeze. It shall never be
furled —

The gleam of its stars is the hope of the world!
With its folds floating o'er us, we gird on the sword,
And go forth to fight in the name of the Lord.

Brave yeomen of Essex! Your field is our Land,
Immortal the fruits it shall yield to your hand.
Match your strength to your day — Sow to God, the
good Giver,
And ring out your Harvest-Home one and forever!

(FROM "LIFE IN LETTERS.")

Mr. D. showed my "Ode" to Mr. Caleb Cushing, who professed to admire it, and being asked to criticise it pointed to the first line and asked if the reapers were done brown? I thought usage justified that construction, and tried to hunt up authorities, but with small success — so it came into my mind to ask Charles Sumner. I wrote him, and the next day he sent me the following reply:

The day is done and the darkness
 Falls from the wings of night,
 As a feather is wafted downward
 From an eagle in his flight.

Longfellow.

Boston, 8th Oct., '61.

MADAM :

I think your verses excellent, including the first line. You must write more. Accept my thanks for your kind, good words about myself.

Faithfully yrs.,

CHARLES SUMNER.

HYMN SUNG AT THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL IN BRAINTREE

HOPE smiles amid the May-time's scented buds,
 Joy sits enthroned beneath the purpling vine ;
 But Autumn may not wreath Spring violets,
 Nor April quaff October's ruddy wine ;
 Yet, on Judea's sacred soil, there blooms
 Thrice beautiful, thrice blessed, one fair tree
 Whose fruit and flower their grateful incense
 blend,
 Joy of the Now, and Hope of the To-be.



“ Home.”

So, thou long-tried and purely true in all,
Thou standest in thy Heaven-appointed way ;
The years that bind a glory round thy brow,
Lay gathered vintage at thy feet to-day.
But while the reapers shout the Harvest Home,
God's angel, Hope, spreads wide each quiver-
ing wing,
And sees beyond the golden-glowing West,
The fair, full promise of perpetual Spring.

O happy hand, damp with baptismal dew !
O loving lips, sweet with the balm of God !
Strong arm to bear the grief-worn spirit up !
Firm feet to lead where Christ, the Saviour,
trod ! —
Thy grateful children gather round thee here
To lift to thine the light of tender eyes,
And with warm hearts, nor time nor death can
chill,
Attend thine upward pathway to the skies.

NOTE A.

Boston, June 25th, 1861.

DEAR GAIL :

The "Asa French" whose name appears herewith is one of my brothers-in-law, and hence is a very presuming feller, generally, and presumed to write me to-day the enclosed note. It seems Professor Park

thinks that you could write a good Hymn for good Dr. Storrs' semi-centennial. Now, with your usual obstinacy, *please* be so kind as to write me by return mail that you can't and shan't and don't know how to write, and then I can write Asa that Gail won't, and the other woman I don't believe knows enough to, so that the hymn is *non est inventus* — which will be a great comfort to Dr. S. and the people generally.

T.

P.S. — Don't on any account displease me so much as to write that hymn.

T.

NOTE B.

MY DEAR CHILD :

My brother-in-law sends me this proof of your "lines" for Dr. S.'s celebration, and — like a good boy who wishes everything to be done to please you — I send them herewith to you for your revision. You are, of course, at liberty to add, alter, amend, correct, revise, subtract, divide, and conquer generally with 'em.

But they *are* good, and so don't utterly spile 'em, will ye ?

I hope to get time to write to you before long.

Aff.,

T.

NOTE C

Boston, Oct. 9, 1861.

. . . I want permission to append "Gail Hamilton's" name to her beautiful hymn. Are you authorized to give it? If not, do me the favor to procure her assent. She need not fear that her reputation will suffer by it, for, to my mind, there is more *real poetic inspiration* shown in that hymn than in all the rest that we had put together.

I hate to trouble you about this, but then what is the use of having friends if you can't use them once in a while?

Truly your brother,

ASA.

NOTE D

DEAR GAIL :

You see what my infatuated brother-in-law wants. Will you give him permission, in view of his appreciation of your "lines"?

Aff.,

T.

NOTE E

DEAR CHILD :

You did a good thing when you wrote that hymn, and your reward is the gratitude of good Dr. Storrs, and — the committee of arrangements, — and the congregation generally. You will see, however, by the programme which I send you, that, at the last moment

the poets of the nation generally waked up to the subject, and "sent in."

I have the pleasure, however, to state that it was the general opinion of the best judges — including my brother-in-law and myself — that the *best* hymn, by far, was that in doubled and twisted long meter, which appears last but one on the programme, and which was sung, with the "Festival Hymn," during the more informal "addresses" of the afternoon.

The day was magnificent, and the occasion one to be remembered long and fragrantly. . . . I was desired and commissioned to *thank* you almost to death for your kindness and for the hymn, etc., all of which I hereby do.

ANSWERED

GOLD, and gear, and storied birthright — take the gilded trumpery up!

Life may bring me gall and wormwood, but I scorn your honeyed cup.

Meekness lends its graceful semblance as you come with bended knee,

But I read your inmost soul and I know its mockery.

O your white hands, diamond-flashing, they will clasp my hand forsooth!

You will condescend to give your name in barter for my youth.

At your footstool I shall gladly lay my panting spirit
down ;
You will stoop and place the jewel somewhat kindly,
in your crown !

Long the doubt has been, and bitter was the trial to
your pride.
Should you, through those gray old portals, lead a
nameless, dowerless bride ?
Should the blood to you transmitted in a pure, un-
tainted flow
Through a thousand generations, now a base admix-
ture know ?

Uprose Love and showed the maiden as you saw her
day by day ;
How the sunshine of her presence wrought red gold
of coarsest clay.
How her genial mirth would play about the summits
of your life
And her grateful love repay you that you stooped to
call her wife.

Thus in the quivering scales uncertain did you watch
with clear, calm eye,
Until Reason bade remember how the years glide
noiseless by.

Pride is but a flimsy blanket when a frost is on the panes.

Pride is but unsavory porridge when a chill is in the veins.

So you breathed a requiescat to the dead within their graves:

"Blood is strong, but love is stronger; blood claims service, love makes slaves."

Thus with smiling self-excuse straight swung back my garden gate —

Soothing Pride's Cerberean mouths with the home-made sop of fate.

Truly a right princely lover, come to woo a lowly maid:

Rather of consent than question were the untremulous words you said.

Certes, maiden whom you honored with your choice were over-blest.

Loveliest rose would leave its stem to bloom upon such knightly breast.

Listen! When we stood last evening underneath the apple-tree

And you in your self-complacence dared to speak those words to me,

Dared invade my throbbing summer with your pale
and nerveless cold —

Dared to set your tawdry tinsel off against my beaten
gold —

Though my heart flamed out in passion sweeping
round you as you stood,
Flinging up your puny soul blindly to my woman-
hood —

Yet I spared you for the past's sake, thinking it were
better so —

Bade my white lips hide their scorning and respond a
kindly "no."

Blind! you would not be contented with the simple
words I spoke,

For the three-fold brazen armor of your pride turned
back the stroke,

But must goad my slender patience with your weak
essays to win —

Though I stab you to the heart, shall my soul be free
from sin!

Listen! I, the lowly maiden with obscure hand scarcely
meet

But to touch the golden sceptre held out to me at
your feet —

I have weighed you in the balance; righteous judgment kept control;
Weighed your manhood, found you wanting; and I scorn you, soul to soul.

Well I know your wooded acres and your sea-ward stretching fields —
All the pomp and honor blazoned on your old heraldic shields;
But Alcides' club was valiant only in Alcides' hand —
Brave Excalibur untempered till the true Prince drew the brand.

Did the whole earth stretch before you, one ancestral pleasure-park;
Mountain heaps of golden treasures coined for you in caverns dark;
All your palace flaming ruby, every portal wrought of pearl —
Kay was but the son of Antour — were you any less a churl?

Well I mind me of the poem that you read one August morn,
How Pleione's god-like daughter wedded with the base earth-born —
How her star shone dimly after, passion-paling out of view,
You have read to little purpose if I make the story true.

Haughty ? Were you humbled plough-boy, horny
hands embrowned with toil,
Scanty life for soul and body wresting from a surly
soil,
And an honest heart had proffered with its silent deeps
all stirred —
Baby-breath should not be softer than my sorely-smit-
ing word.

Never yet a loyal soul brought true homage unto me
That I did not pour libations to Love's grand humility.
Love for love may not be granted, nor by menace, nor
by ruth,
But I shamed my mother's bosom if I gave not truth
for truth.

Truth for truth ? yea, truth for falsehood, truth for
tinsel, truth for you,
Who her royal port and vesture in your grim halls
never knew.
But your satin words are insult : shall I spare you
sharpest pain ?
All your honor is dishonor : what is meeter than dis-
dain ?

Wherefore prate of summer mornings musical with
lute and song ?
Do not airs from " Puritani " make a summer day less
long ?

Rippling laughter in the pauses — was it never heard
before ?

Did I blush and smile for you, sir ? So I did for twenty
more.

But in singing, did I ever sing my mother's songs to
you ?

Did a silver silence ever fall upon us with the dew ?

Did we ever wander vaguely from the commonplace of
speech ?

Or the soul scale higher ranges than the tongue essayed
to reach ?

If I frolic in the garden with my keen-eyed pointer
here

Would it justify his claiming to be recognized my
peer ?

On the banners of my jesting to all common eyes un-
furled,

Shall be read the Open Sesame to my divinest world ?

Faith, born of self-adulation, holds in store but inward
smart,

You could move me, but not sway me — while my
time, not touch my heart.

If in your blind eye-worship some dim phantom passed
before you

Must I vindicate my righteousness by kneeling to
adore you ?

Go your way. The world is wider than that you and
I should tend

With unequal steps discordant down one pathway to
the end.

Leave me, if so be the silence soothe me to a calmer
state,

Leave me, lest with petty urgency, my indifference
turn to hate.

June's young roses, clasp above me — twine around
me — hide my pain.

Murmuring music, lull my senses ; subtle odors, pierce
my brain.

O to sleep a hundred cycles if the guerdon they should
bring

Were a thrill along my pulses at the coming of the
King !

FOR THE AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION

Amesbury, Oct. 5, 1864

Hymn written by "Gail Hamilton"


 NCE more the sweet October brings
 Her largesses of love ;
 The blessings of the earth beneath,
 And of the skies above.
 The maples lend their deepest glow,
 And through the golden haze
 The oak unfurls his scarlet sheen
 To crown our holidays.

The sunshine of the summer gone
 Laughs here in fruit and flowers ;
 Here curve the coolness of her dews,
 The fatness of her showers.
 For these old Winter spread his snows,
 And Autumn smiles again, —
 All silent things of earth join hands
 To give good gifts to men.

O brothers, fairer fruits than these
 This happy autumn brings ;
 The seed, long sown in blood and tears,
 To living beauty springs.

In South and North, by land, by sea,
The right once more is strong,
And trumpet-notes of victory
Blend with our harvest-song.

O joy for those whose blood shall cleanse
The spot our scutcheon mars !
Fling to the breeze the dear old flag,
No stain upon its stars !
Lo! bending from their heavenly heights,
Whence peace and freedom come,
Our hero-martyrs join with us
To shout this harvest home.

NOTE

(In a presentation copy of "New Atmosphere"
(1866) Mr. Whittier wrote on the fly-leaf :)

" I T may be that she wields a pen
Too sharply nibbed for thin-skinned men,
That her keen arrows search and try
The armor joints of dignity,
And, though alone for error meant,
Sing through the air irreverent.

" Heaven mend her faults! I will not pause
To weigh and doubt and peck at flaws,
Or waste my pity when some fool
Provokes her measureless ridicule."

(The next volume of his poetry contained the whole poem under the title "Lines on a Fly-leaf," which called out the following repartee:)

 H! My!
 A little fly
 Folding her wings
 On a fly-leaf
 Brief,
 Suddenly sings
 Exclamation-points and things
 To see a poet
 Painting her picture so that all the world will know it
 And receive it —
 But won't more than half believe it;
 For the beauty dear is all in your eyes
 And doesn't belong to flies
 Of my size!

Paint a bee in your bonnet,
 Paint a wasp alighting on it;
 Paint a devil's darning needle:
 And don't wheedle
 All the good folk into spying
 And trying
 To find where I am lying
 Underneath the glory
 Of your story,

Whereas before a drawing
Of a hornet with a sting,
They would say with quick ha- ha- ing
“On my word, ’tis just the thing!”

“Heaven mend her faults” — Oh!
The wicked little Quaker,
To go and make her
Break her
Heart, talking about faults
When thee know I haven’t any —
Or not many —
Nothing to hurt you,
Only just enough to keep
Me from dissolving into a tasteless pap of virtue —
Or to be loved with holy fervor
By the New York Observer,
And the apostles of that shoddy
Sort of gospel now springing up from Oregon to Pas-
samaquoddy,
Which teaches with a din,
Very pleasant to the din — ner
Not to save the world from sin,
But to fill the world with sinners!

Come now in good sooth,
Little friend, speak the truth —
Thy love for me such is
Thee put in those touches

Of rebuke and restriction
 To quiet thy conscience, not speak thy conviction,
 For thee know, heart and hand
 I'm as good as thee can stand !
 Am I not as sweet as maple molasses
 When thee scold me for fingering thy brasses ? ¹
 And did not the poet say of yore,
 Angels could no more ?
 Ah, would not angels pity her
 To be scolded by the "Saintly Whittier" ?
 That's Mrs. Hannaford —
 And cannot a man afford
 When pulpits preach him
 And the women screech him
 Up for a saint,
 Not to throw stones at them that — aint ?

Ah, dear poet, and dear friend,
 One whole sheet of paper has come to an end,

¹ Imagine Whittier and me sitting together one whole day and two evenings, talking all the time. One of the brass knobs on the Franklin stove was loose and came off in my hand. I turned it over and remarked upon its brightness. He said, "Now doesn't thee know that thee is making work ?" "How ?" I asked, "Why, destroying the brightness by handling it." I rubbed it with my handkerchief and asked the housekeeper if I had made her any work. "Oh," she said, "you make me no work. Mr. Whittier takes care of the brasses himself." . . . The little balls of the trimming of my dress kept coming off and were lying around on the floor. I picked up one just as I was coming away and said, "There, I will give thee that as a keepsake." He laughed, and said he had two in his pocket already! He told some company in the evening that I had talked so much it made him hoarse. — *Extract from Letter.*



A Corner in the Library.

And the saucy fly with her jests and jeers
Shall stop her buzzing about my ears.
She folds her wings, she droops her eyes
And feels with an innermost glad surprise
The amber glory in which she lies —
The joy and beauty and wonder wrought
In the golden glow of a poet's thought.

TEA PARTY IN HAMILTON¹

(On Tuesday evening, the 2d inst., the ladies of Hamilton gave a Tea Party, at which the citizens generally availed themselves of the opportunity to give welcome to the Hon. Samuel W. Moulton, member of Congress from Illinois, formerly of Hamilton. The distinguished guest was introduced in a few complimentary remarks by Hon. Allen W. Dodge, who presided on the occasion. . . . Mr. Dodge then said as he understood from his friend that it was now the common practice of members of Congress to read their speeches, he would finish what he had to say by reading the following verses :)

GOOD friends and neighbors far and near,
Old friends and neighbors meeting,
We tender you the close hand-clasp
Of warm and hearty greeting.

¹ From a Salem paper of 186-.

Each happy face, each merry voice,
 Full testimony gives
 That in the hearts of all her sons
 Old Hamilton still lives.

She boasts no commerce on the seas,
 No factories, wealth to give her —
 Although she has a brook so big
 She calls it *Miles's River!* —
 Yet gazing from her hill-sides down,
 Her fields and meadows over,
 You'd say the good old quiet town
 Must always live in clover.

She sits at peace with all the world,
 Has sons of every race ;
 She keeps her handsome, dark-haired *Danes*
 In very thriving case ;
 Yet not a man of all this throng
 Will dare cast blame upon her,
 If she confess she holds her *French*
 In very special honor.

She has no wiles to lure the weak,
 She works with honest pride ;
 Yet men from many a distant spot
 Come flocking to her side,

Convinced in spite of toil-rough hands
Her gardens are a gay-land,
And that a right good humor turns
Her short (k) night into *Da (y) land*.

A plodder in the good old ways
Is still our ancient town ;
She's not ashamed to show a *Patch*
She loves a sober *Brown*.
And though her fear of foreign foes
But very slight and small is,
'Twould do your eyes good but to see
How high and strong her *Wall-is*.

Of course this fine old rural town
Counts woman as the sov'reign,
And on her busy, helpful hand
All gently slips the *Love-ring* ;
As well as she can afford to do —
The reason surely holds pith —
For broad of lands and deep of purse,
Her smith must be a gold-*Smith*.

Her modesty will match her worth ;
She only calls him *Knoll-ton*,
Whose acres stretching far and wide,
Might seem to grasp the whole town.

But, though she *is* a modest dame,
 'Tis something sure to brag on
 That all Ohio once was wrapped
 In Parson Cutler's wagon.

They know her West, they know her East,
 As by her fire she nestles;
 To bridge her little purling rills
 The Pine-tree State sends *Tres(t)les*.
 To all the poor who ask her alms
 She gives both food and lodging.
 And yet her warmest friends admit
 She has a trick of *Dodge*-ing.

And when her house grows overfull,
 She bids her children forth
 To win good name and friend and fame
 By honest work and worth;
 She gives her blessing to the lad —
 He goes a beardless boy,
 But home he comes with beat of drums,
 The pride of Illinois.

Her soldier sons, her strength and joy,
 Stand round her hearth to-night;
 She binds a glory on their brows
 Who fought for truth and right.

A love of country naught can chill,
In her deep bosom stirs ;
No rebel traitor North or South
Is ever son of hers !

In all her mirth she thinks of those
Who shall return no more ;
They sleep on Georgia's field accursed,
On Mississippi's shore ;
They died 'neath Carolina's skies,
They pressed Virginia's sod,
In freedom's holy cause they died —
She trusts their souls to God.

Now dawns the morning bright and clear
Upon a ransomed land ;
With garments cleansed from slavery's stain,
Before the world we stand.
So, brothers, give to God the praise.

[*Closing lines missing.*]

TROSY'S DEFENCE OF HERSELF AGAINST
THE CHARGE OF SLAUGHTER, AND
CRUELTY, AND GUILT

“TROSY, Trosy, you mischievous elf,
What have you, pray, to say for yourself ?”
But Trosy was now
Asleep on the mow,
And only drawled dreamily, “Ma-e-ow.”

“Trosy, Trosy, come here to me, —
The naughtiest Trosy I ever did see !
I know very well what you’ve been about;
Don’t try to conceal it, murder will out.
Why do you lie so easily there ?”
“O I have had a breakfast rare !”

“Why don’t you go and hunt for a mouse ?”
“Oh, there’s nothing fit to eat in the house !”

“Dear me ! Mrs. Kitty,
This is a pity ;
But I guess the cause of your change of ditty.
What has become of the beautiful thrush
That built her nest in the heap of brush ?
A brace of young robins as good as the best ;
A round little, brown little, snug little nest ;
Four little eggs all green and gay,
Four little birds all bare and gray,

And Papa Robin went foraging round,
Aloft on the trees, and alight on the ground.
North wind or south wind, he cared not a groat,
So he popped a fat worm down each wide-open throat;
And Mamma Robin through sun and storm
Hugged them up close, and kept them all warm;
And Tripoli watched the dear little things,
Till the feathers pricked out on their pretty wings,
And their eyes peeped up o'er the rim of the nest.
Trosy, Trosy, you know the rest.
The nest is empty, and silent, and lone;
Where are the four little robins gone?
Oh, Puss! you have done a cruel deed!
Your eyes, do they weep? your heart, does it bleed?
Do you not feel your bold cheeks turning pale?
Not you! You are chasing your wicked tail,
Or you just cuddle down in the hay, and purr,
Curl up in a ball, and refuse to stir.
But you need not try to look good and wise;
I see little robins, old Puss, in your eyes;
And this morning, just as the clock struck four,
There was some one opening the kitchen door,
And caught you creeping the wood-pile over,—
Make a clean breast of it, Kitty Clover!"

Then Trose
Arose
Rubbed up her nose,
And looked very much as if coming to blows;

Rounded her back,
 Leaped from the stack,
 On *her* feet, at *my* feet, came down with a whack.
 When fairly awake, she stretched out her paws,
 Smoothed down her whiskers, and unsheathed her
 claws,
 Winked her green eyes,
 With an air of surprise,
 And spoke rather plainly for one of her size.

“Killed a few robins! Well, what of that?
 What’s virtue in man can’t be vice in a cat.
 There’s a thing or two *I* should like to know, —
 Who killed the chicken a week ago?
 For nothing at all that I could spy
 But to make an overgrown chicken pie.
 ’Twixt you and me,
 ’Tis plain to see,
 The odds is, you like fricassee,
 While my brave maw
 Owns no such law
 Content with viands *a-la-law*.

“Who killed the robins? Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
 I *would* get the cat, now, into a mess!
 Who was it put
 An old stocking-foot
 Tied up with strings,
 And such shabby things,

On to the end of a sharp, slender pole,
Dipped it in oil, and set fire to the whole,
And burnt all the way from here to the miller's
The nests of the sweet young caterpillars ?

Grilled fowl, indeed !

Why, as I read,

You had not even the plea of need ;

For all you boast

Such wholesale roast,

I saw no sign at tea or toast,

Of even a caterpillar's ghost.

“ Who killed the robins ? Well, I *should* think !
Hadn't somebody better wink
At my peccadilloes, if houses of glass
Won't do to throw stones from at those who pass?
I had four little kittens a month ago, —
Black, and malta, and white as snow ;
And not a very long while before
I could have shown you three kittens more.
And so in batches of fours and threes,
Looking back as long as you please,
You would find, if you read my story all,
There were kittens from time immemorial.

But what am I now ? A cat bereft.
Of all my kittens, but one is left.
I make no charges, but this I ask, —
What made such a splurge in the waste-water cask ?

You are quite tender-hearted, oh, not a doubt!
 But only suppose old Black Pond could speak out.
 Oh, nonsense! Don't mutter excuses to me!
Qui facit per alium facit per se."

"Well, Trosy, I think full enough has been said,
 And you may as well canter back into bed.

A very fine pass
 Things have come to, alas!
 If men must be meek,
 While pussy-cats speak
 Grave moral reflections in Latin and Greek."

TO SECRETARY ROBESON

[WASHINGTON, D.C., 1872.

. . . The other day Secretary Robeson sent around to me to read a story book called "The Looking-glass World," telling how everything happened "back side before," — among other things that in law-trials they had the punishment first, then the trial, and after that the crime. You know Charles A. Dana of "The Sun" has been making charges against Secretary R. They have had an investigation, which has so far completely exonerated the Secretary. When I returned the book I wrote the following verse, but wrote it back-handed so that you had to hold it up to a looking-glass to read it — but it is too much trouble to do that now.]

UR Knight of "The Sun" must have studied
this book

And evolved thence his marvellous plan
Of first bringing evidence, trial, and proof
Against the appointed man —
And trusting to luck that in proper time
He'll be sure to commit the proper crime !

APRIL 16, 1872.

TO MRS. MARY CHANDLER HALE

(When I was in New Brunswick, I went to many shops for a shell back-comb, but found none. Saturday Mrs. Hale sent me over one — from Tiffany's, New York, with a note saying that New York had them if St. John did not. It is very handsome. I sent her accordingly this note :)

F St. John as a man and a brother
I shall certainly make no complaints,
But my sea-shell shall sing me another
Lily-white, lily-fair, lily-slender,
The friendly-sly, stately-sweet sender,
Our gracious, high-hearted, and tender
St. Mary, the Flower of All Saints.

JANUARY, 1876.

MOTHER IPSWICH

*By One of Her Grandchildren*¹

(On the 16th of August, 1884, Ipswich celebrated her two hundred and fiftieth birthday, when the following poem was read :)

THRONED on her rock-bound hill, comely, and
 strong, and free,
 She sends a daughter's greeting to Ipswich over
 the sea,
 But she folds to her motherly heart, with welcome
 motherly sweet,
 The children home returning to sit at her beautiful
 feet.
 Fair is her heritage, fair with the blue of the bountiful
 sky ;
 Green to the warm, white sand her billowy marshes
 lie :
 Her summer calm is pulsed with the beat of the bend-
 ing oar
 Where the river shines and sleeps in the shadows of
 Turkey shore.
 Down from the storied Past tremble the legends still
 As the woe of the Indian maiden wails over from
 Heart Break Hill,

¹ Daughter of Hannah Stanwood, granddaughter of Capt. Isaac Stanwood of Ipswich.

And, alas ! the unnamable footprint ! and the lapstone
dropped below !
From places so pleasant — poor devil — no wonder he
hated to go !
Fair is my realm, saith the mother, but fairest of all
my domain,
Are the sons I have reared and the daughters, sturdy
of body and brain,
Tender of heart and of conscience, ready with flag
unfurled,
For service at home, or, if need be, to the uttermost
bounds of the world.
Never my bells of the morning fail to the morning air
With their summons of young minds to learning, with
their summons of all souls to prayer.
Gracious yon pile where are stored me the treasures
of thought to-day —
More gracious my children who poured me their wealth
of the far Cathay.
Mourn your lost leader, my hamlet, sore needed, yet
never again ¹
To mingle his words of wisdom in the wide councils
of men ;
Nor forget whose hand first plucked its secret from
the Mountain-King's stormy breast,
And held up the torch of freedom over the great
Northwest.²

¹ Hon. Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton.

² Rev. Manasseh Cutler, D.D., of Hamilton.

Thrilled to him, hearts of the people, whose eyes were
 a smouldering fire,
 Whose voice to the listening multitude rang like an
 angel's lyre,¹
 But I hear the trill of light laughter in the thickets
 of feathery fronds,
 Where a little lad dares for white lilies the deep of
 Chebacco ponds.
 Rest in the peace of God forever, O man of good-will,
 Who gathered the healing of Heaven in the sunshine
 of Sweet Briar Hill.²
 Far from the city's tumult, with my soft airs over-
 blown —
 In my arms of love I hold him, a stranger, and yet
 my own.
 Where the footsteps of Maro wandered, where the
 waters of Helicon flow,
 Where the cedars of Lebanon wave, where the path of
 a people should go,
 O blessed blind eyes that see — from the wrong divid-
 ing the right,
 Shed on the darkness of day the gleam of your radiant
 night!³
 And thou, O Desire of the Nation, loved from the sea
 to the sea,

¹ Hon. Rufus Choate, of Essex.

² Rev. John Cotton Smith, D.D.

³ Rev. John Phelps Cowles, married to the daughter of Eunice Stanwood, granddaughter of Capt. Isaac Stanwood, of Ipswich.

High above stain as a star, still upward thy pathway
be!

By thy blood, of the stately Midland, by thy strength,
of the Northern Pine,

By the sacred fire bright on thy hearthstone, I name
thee and claim thee mine.

Come to me, dear my children, from every land under
the sun ;

Nay, I feel by the stir of my spirit that all worlds are
but one ;

Nay, I know by my quickening heart-throbs, they are
gathering by my side —

Veiled by God's grace with His glory — the Dead who
have never died.

Fathers whose steadfast uprightness, their sons
through no time can forget —

Mothers whose tenderness breathes in many an old
home yet —

Hushed is the air for their coming, holy the light with
their love ;

What shall the grateful earth pledge to the Heaven
above ?

The best that we have to give: loyalty staunch and
pure

To the land they love and the God they served, while
the earth and the heavens endure.

We can bear to the future no greater than to us the
past hath brought —

Faith to the lowliest duty, truth to the loftiest thought.

TO LITTLE "c"

SWEET and smiling as you may be,
 Pretty little Christmas baby,¹
 Just so sunny be the weather
 When you three strike out together,²
 All the mountains bow before you!
 Seas cease storming to adore you,
 From the Newbury meadow reaches
 To the San Francisco beaches —
 From her golden sunset highlands
 To the gentle Christian islands!
 But oh! I grudge your baby babble
 To that Honolulu rabble;
 And your grand-dad oft will grumble
 That your little feet must stumble
 First upon Hawaiian earth
 And not the land that gave you birth.
 But we promise, dainty maiden,
 Not to be too sorrow-laden,
 If as sweet you will come back³ as
 When you sought the mild Kanakas.
 And you smallest of small girls,
 When you gather South Sea pearls,
 Just fling over a few dozens
 To your Barbadosian cousins.⁴

¹ Born Whittier's Birthday, 1834.

² For Hawaii.

³ Enters Smith College, 1902.

⁴ The Dimmicks.

Speed the day when favoring breeze
 From the warm Caribbean seas,
 From the fragrant Western isles,
 Scorning all the hindering miles,
 Home to common household joys
 Bring for good our girls and boys.
 Heaven bless bye-baby bunting, —
 More for rhymes I'll not go hunting,
 When you long my muse to throttle —
 But don't, my dears, forget the bottle !

BIRTHDAYS

NE, two, three — A witch of a baby — She !
 Four, five — the sturdiest, doughtiest, pout-
 ingest, floutingest, wittiest, prettiest, spark-
 lingest, darklingest damsel alive.

Stormful and starful — seven, eight —
 Star-glow deepens and storms abate.
 Nine, ten — beloved of maidens, besought of men —
 Wilful and winsome still, I wis ;
 But, Faint-Heart and Fear-Heart, tell me this :
 How had the changeling
 Become an *angeling* —
 Care-taking, love-making,
 What breath had kissed her
 The little sprite mocking the little imp shocking,

Into a warm, wise, mother-sister ;
 Loyal in stress, playing in trial
 Heaven's own rôle of self-denial !

Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, — weaving the robe
 she shall pay her court in —

Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen — roaming two
 worlds she shall find her fate in —

Nineteen, twenty, twenty-one — the bud has opened,
 the Summer begun —

Twenty-two — HE sings — but afar, as the Angels do !

Twenty-three — and the spell of his singing falls even
 on me !

Twenty-four — is there more ?

Is it love ? it is doubt — it is naught — it is
 all —

It is freedom perfected through absolute thrall !
 Twenty-five — scarce alive to the power of the dower
 Of her great soul's most grave and magnificent hour,
 She fronts the veiled future. Fare forth without fear
 In a world that has love for its running gear !
 Bringing order, or patience, or rapture, or pain,
 Love alone, in Earth's turmoil, can hold the heart
 sane.

To be loved — or loved not — is as Heaven may
 send —

To love is the true Divine — world without end.

Full clear and quaint and in solemn rhyme
 Sang the sweet saint of olden time :

“All that we know of Saints above
Is that they sing and that they love.”
And thus we share with that dear pair
Whose memory lingers everywhere,
For well we know of saints below
Or smooth or rough the paths they trod
No higher bliss than this :
He who loves best is likest God.

THE FLOWER

I N the silken and splendid gloom of a pansy purple
room,
Where a soul's rose-gardens bloom —
Fluttered astir and sweet by the far, faint, rhythmic
beat
Of the beautiful, dancing feet —
Silent and all unknown, was the seed of Heaven sown
From its free fields over-blown.
While the soul that brooded there knew not if Earth
could be fair ;
Asked only for patience, from Fate wisely to work and
to wait.
No sunshine or early or late,
No softness of summer air won the world a welcome
to wear,
But grim woods gray and bare,
For their vanished joys made moan, for their glow and
glory gone.

Yet never stealing astray for the pulseless, pitiless
day

The winged seed found way
From afar through the frozen zone to a soil that knew
its own.

Swift shrinking from the light, shy shrinking out of
sight —

Ah ! Sweet, what words can tell
Our miracle ?

Taught by no touch of toil, untainted by earthly moil,
Slow from its sacred soil,

Uprose the Sacred Flower fashioned of inward power,
Nourished of Heaven's grace to bless one waiting face,
No weed of tendance there, no claim on thought or care,

Frail life to strengthen or spare
Since each fresh dawning hour brings certain dower.

All gales from the year that blow, white chill from
wide hills of snow,

The Morning-red and glow
Of evening skies in June, fire of the fervid noon,
Pallor of midnight moon,

Strain of storm and stress of sun
Minister manifold all as one
To the Ineffable Life begun,
But without end. Its radiant colors blend
Of all the seasons send,

And from its mystic heart, such passionate perfumes
 part,
 Though half its wondrous art
 Lies yet in secret chambers coiled and curled,
 Its fragrance fills the world.

HAMILTON

*Written by Request, for the Celebration of the 100th Birthday of the
 Town, June 21, 1893*

UP from his sweet-scented islands, his soul with
 genius aflame,
 Welding his life to the Nation's, radiant young Ham-
 ilton came —

¹ *Our* Infanta saw him and loved him and named her-
 self with his name.

Blessèd the Sponsors, our fathers, their wagon thus
 hitched to a Star.

No *Frenchville*, *South Ipswich*, or *Hogtown*, but, ring-
 ing afield and afar,

HAMILTON — pride of the people wherever patriots are.

Following a lofty Leader — priest, scholar, and states-
 man in one,

Resting now in yon churchyard from his labor under
 the Sun,

While a Nation reaps the reward of his strenuous
 work well done ; —

¹ The Infanta Eulalie of Spain was visiting the U.S. 1893.

Thus to the Man of the South our Men of the North
 gave greeting ;
 Jura calling to Alps, Hero with Hero meeting !
 Alas ! for the strong laid low ! Alas ! for the glory
 fleeting !

Envy and malice found him — Hamilton, high of
 heart ; —
 The service of manhood bound him — so seemed — to
 the weaker part.
 He looked in the face of death, but hid the envenomed
 dart.

Softly he stole to the chamber where slumbering
 innocence lay ;
 Soft to his own pressed the child's soft cheek from
 whom he must part that day ; —
 " Our Father which art in Heaven," the little one
 heard him say —

Then fronted the bitter bullet — a Nation's heart was
 riven ;
 Never a sin was sinned, with so little to be forgiven !
 Never a sin was sinned, so like to the virtues of
 Heaven !

Mothers, teaching your children to prattle their evening prayers —

Devotion as dear to God, 't may appear, as the pano-
plied priest's who bears

Heaven's high commands in his lifted hands on the
great world's altar stairs ; —

Join to the broken " Our Father " of the voices sweet
and low

A thought of him who breathed it in his deathly
stress of woe,

For him a prayer whose name we wear since a hun-
dred years ago !

Our lady sits on her hills, smiling across to the sea ;
Our Mother smiles down on her children toiling at
harvests to be ;

But she holds evermore her Ideal, fearless, discerning,
and free.

Strangers have idly thought her rustic spirit was
tame ;

With futile treasures have sought to purchase her
priceless name !

What are silver and gold to lay in the scales with that
cherished fame ?

Our Lady looks wistfully West where the Sun sets
 his golden bar,
 If, haply, that glory of glow be the Golden Gates ajar
 To the Heaven of heavens beyond, where the Van-
 ished and Glorious are !

And it's oh ! to be true to the faithful and few
 Whose unlaureled lives led the last Avatar ;
 To the simple and brave who have gone to the
 grave,
 But *our* wagon made fast to a Star !

TO MY COMRADES IN CHRIST

(“ *The Salvation Army*,” 1894.)

YOUR happy voices join
 And strike the heavenly song ;
 Ye pilgrims in Jehovah's ways,
 With music pass along !

See Salem's golden spires
 In beauteous prospect rise,
 And brighter crowns than mortals wear
 Far sparkle through the skies.

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